

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1858.

STUDENTS AND THEIR BODIES.

BY J. D. BELL.

SOME writer has contributed an able article to that always high-toned literary periodical, the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled, "Saints and their Bodies." I have thought to send to my genial friend, the editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, an article upon a theme somewhat similar, and yet essentially different; since mine is an article on the physical relations of *students* instead of saints.

The student, I have to say, too often falls a hapless victim to his books, by suffering them to steal away his physical health. While taking high care of his intellectual nature, he forgets to care properly for his *human* nature. A young man in college is in great danger, I think, when he does not find time to walk at least as many as four miles a day. This is not saying that a daily walk of six or eight miles would harm him. It were better for one to have to work out the means of one's education, while getting it, as many students do, so that one's frame shall hold its strength, and one's blood retain its color and pulse, than that, while one's brain is luxuriating in study, one's body shall be dwindling to a skeleton. A marked picture of premature decline would be that of many a youth this day to be found, shut up in some upper room and dreaming among his books, as if he were a living gravestone, having an epitaph wrought into his face. Let a student be poor in any sense of that word, and he shall not leave so painful an impression upon me, so he be not poor from loss of health. One of the Grecian philosophers defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers." He would have hit off the book-worm of every century had he used these words, "a two-legged animal, consisting of a frame of bones covered with a pale, cold skin, having the *room-atism* almost continually, and

passing mostly its time in a chair, with its spinal column bent badly out of shape." Alas! for that self-deluded youth, whose passion for study is taking the color out of his cheeks, and the elasticity out of his limbs, and the music out of his voice, and the beauty out of his eyes, and is only fitting him for an early ride in Charon's boat! I say there should be no such instances in any of our schools. Among their first lessons, students should learn how important it is to preserve the soundness and health of their bodies. Ever should they keep guard against whatever may result in an untimely undermining of the citadel of the soul. Ever should they bear in mind how poor a bargain would be made, were all the wealth of the world accepted as an equivalent for so much of the flesh which rounds off the angles of the limbs, or for so much of the energy which lives in the stomach. Ah! how many a man is this day suffering the penalty of inattention to the demands of his physical system, during the period in which he was an enchanted student reveling in the ideal world, who, did he own the gold of a hundred worlds, would freely give it all away in exchange for one little drop of some magical elixir, which, after many years, might be able to restore to him the vigor and bloom that he once enjoyed! Think you not that the experience of Robert Pollok, during his short term of brilliant achievements, was often embittered by the reflection that, in earlier days, he had suffered his books to steal from him that which is better than all the learning and discipline that can be acquired in the world of books? Think you not that the gifted Henry Kirke White saw, at the last, with not a little of melancholy regret, how bad a mistake he had made, in permitting his studies to destroy him in the bright opening of his manhood? He died at twenty-one—died because he had applied himself to his studies with such unremitting application—died deeply lamented, both

on account of his virtues and his talents. This is the sum of history's record concerning the close of the career of that young man, once so promising. But I will believe that the last days of that poet-student were days of much mourning in his soul—in audible mourning!—a mourning too deep for tears!—a mourning as if of the very faculties of his fine intellect in their afflicting consciousness that all his high hopes of earthly immortality were passing away with that faded and perishing tabernacle, which might have held its fresh color throughout a long period of brilliant years, had he but guarded well its sacred health! More than this, I will believe that that same self-accused youth, dying before his time, was ready to wish that he had chosen to be almost any thing in his youthful days—even a helper of his father, who was a butcher—other than what he had been, a book-worm, in St. John's College, at Cambridge, self-doomed to be the victim of a passionate love of study, at the early age of twenty-one! It is from such instances as that of Pollok and this of Henry Kirke White, that you and I have to learn how extremely sad is the fate of a young student, endowed by nature with high talents and burning with noble aspirations—a young student too generous and worthy to be so early blighted and ruined—going down to the grave, with his heart in its summer-time and his life in its melodious morning.

There is but one way to get an education, and get it safely. It is that way in which the body and brain are exercised handsomely together. Thus indigestion and consumption are precluded as concomitants of study. Thus, too, that necessity is set aside, by which it should seem as if genius can not enter upon a course of thorough discipline and culture, without soon taking a tendency to decline, which is destined to end, either in premature death or in an almost juiceless body. May the student deserve to be called a bright-eyed, generous youth, who spends part of his time among books and teachers, and part of his time walking, climbing, swimming, and leaping, out in the open air! I would have him remember that sweet Hymn to Health, found among the fragments of the Greek poets: "Health, most venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence! For whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of human desire which we endeavor to chase into the toils of love; whatever delight or whatever solace is granted by the celestials, to

soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all these joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man can be happy."

A certain young American has beautifully expressed a truth which every college student would do well to inscribe in capitals on the wall of his study: "Intellect in a weak body, is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." How many book-worms you shall find, at twenty-one, whose bodies feel as old as do the bodies of some octogenarians! Professor Pierce shows that, after all, the average length of life is greater with scholars than with any other class; and that students who were distinguished for scholarship, have lived longer, on the average, than those whose standing was low. But this does not prove any thing to the student in favor of a neglect of diet, bathing, and open-air exercise. Of the book-worm who makes a hobby of his chair, it may be truly said, that he either dies before he has had time to do any thing noble, or lives too long without doing any thing noble. He is either a human ephemera or a human snail. Mr. Beecher says that the sponge should go with the Word; and so it should. But it should also go with the text-book. A dyspeptic book-worm is never much better for his fine brain. We should have sound bodies as well as learned minds. May it never be deemed an insignificant part of one's education to learn to play adroitly out doors, and to eat right, and to keep one's self clean! "Many dishes, more diseases," said an ancient writer. And to this it must be added, that fast eaters are a sort of self-murderers. In walking and running, and in horse-riding, one has the dust blown out of the apartments of one's nature. A distinguished physician says that when still, we use five hundred cubic inches of air in a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, we use eight hundred cubic inches in a minute; two miles an hour, one thousand; three miles an hour, one thousand six hundred; four miles an hour, two thousand three hundred. If we run at the rate of six miles an hour, we use three thousand cubic inches of air a minute. If we ride a horse on a trot, we use one thousand seven hundred and fifty cubic inches a minute. If we ride a horse on a canter, we use one thousand five hundred cubic inches a minute.

I think that the exercises of the gymnasium should be made a requirement, and skill in them be held as an accomplishment, in all of our colleges and high schools. In other words, there should be a gymnastic professorship established in each of them. Only let that activity which preserves bodily health be raised to the dignity of a regular

scholastic duty, and all classes of students would soon become intellectually interested in it.

It is well that not all students ignore the value of out-of-door exercise. It is well that the name of scholar is not yet become suggestive chiefly of leanness, and sharpness, and ghostliness. There are many students who daily wear in their faces the beautiful evidences of health—who are wont to eat long at their meals, and, as Emerson would say, to "put a solid bar of sleep between day and day"—who have some flesh on their limbs to make less dangerous the shock of contact—who have also robustness, and warm blood, and wit, and a sweet breath. While they are studying how to become orators and authors, they are not forgetting the preciousness of pure air. While they are translating Greek and Latin, and are sliding to infinity and back on mathematical curves, they are not forgetting to take lessons from the birds, and fishes, and flowers. And, though ambitious to secure the praise due to high scholarship, they have wisdom enough not to overlook one simple mode of gaining applause—I mean the cold water bath in the morning, which, as I have somewhere read, always opens as many applauding mouths as one has pores in one's skin.

At colleges which are located near bodies of water, as at Harvard and Yale, in this country, and at Cambridge, in England, you will find clubs of athletic rowers, who are wont to vie with one another in exciting and healthful boat-matches. And at those colleges which have an inland location, as at Amherst—*Alma Mater nobis*—at Williams College, and at the Wesleyan University, you will find all but your enchanted book-worms trying, in different kinds of gymnastic sport, to keep up the pulse of health in their veins, and to preserve the youthful flexibility and strength of their muscles.

It interests me particularly to read in history of the care which the ancients were wont to take of their physical health. Few are the examples furnished from them, of men who might have lived to do immortal things, had they enjoyed a due amount of pulmonary or of gastronomic power. In the days of the Greek language, Genius was not often seen peering through the chinks of an organism prematurely enfeebled and wasted. It dwelt, and moved, and sung, and grew eloquent, in a bodily tabernacle, which was a paradise of health. It bore in its hands that heat which woman loves, and which Shakspeare calls

"The precedent and pith of livelihood."

I do not believe that physicians had many

invalid scholars for patients in the days of the "divine Plato." Immortal old Homer knew what a gymnasium was. Perhaps you remember what he says, in the *Odyssey*, concerning the gymnastic powers of Ulysses—how, at the entertainment made for him by Alcinoüs, he took offense when one of the young performers boastfully told him that he could not wrestle, and immediately seizing the quoit beat them all; and how the same tired wanderer then challenged them to compete with him in boxing or wrestling, and found them speechless and ashamed.

Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, each enjoyed the high and fine health which out-of-door exercise gives, and each taught his disciples the value of it. All the most useful scholars of every age have been those who, while students, prized pure air, cold water, and athletic sports. Our Webster was, in his way, a *sporting* man. He was fond of the fields and forests. He was fond of fish-catching. He was not much like the Andover divinity student I have read of in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who could shut his eyes to the beautiful autumnal scenery around him, and seek his study, with the prayer, "Lord, turn thou mine eyes from beholding vanity!" It is said that Webster once remarked of a certain eminent Bostonian, who is still living, that "it was a prodigious pity he had no single taste whose gratification would take him out of his hot-air library into the open air."

Now do you, my young friend, who, to-day, are so much in love with your books, listen while I warn you against too close an application to those books. You know that you should break the spell which binds you to them, and which is making your skin so to shrivel and your face so to fade—that you should break it now and then, and go out into the open world. As you prize length of days, I bid you to break it! As you honor an erect and manly form, I bid you to break it! As you know that in this world, which is God's world, you should value rosy flesh, and painless digestion, and dreamless sleep, I bid you to break it! There are mountains yonder—go sometimes and climb them! There are springs of pure water bubbling yonder—go sometimes and drink from them! There are three hundred and sixty-five beautiful mornings in every year—go out and partake of their bracing influences! What! are you going to let those books of yours prove your executioners? Before you have reached the golden prime of life, are you going to let them drink up the juices of your young nature, and leave you either a pale consumptive or a shriveled dyspeptic? If so, then shame upon

you, Mr. Book-worm—shame upon you! And as often as I shall see you, while you are passing through your mortal years of study, I fear that I shall be tempted to give way to the same uprising feeling of resentment, in view of your reckless infractions upon the laws of Nature—our common mother—and to say to you, again and again, Shame upon you!

VISION OF HASCHEESCH.

BY A WANDERER.

IN the month of September, 1852, I was passenger on board a trading vessel, which was cruising in that beautiful part of the Mediterranean Sea, lying between the islands of Candia and Cyprus, and was hunting for the health I had lost by six years confinement in a college. It was at that season of the year when the wind and waves are locked in the embrace of approaching autumn, and we were in the midst of a dead calm for many days, during which time not a cat's paw breathed over the water, but the useless sails clung idly to the masts, and the surface of the blue sea was unbroken by the slightest ripple.

Sitting all day on deck in the sunshine, I would dream day dreams, looking through half-closed eyes at the fleecy clouds lazily floating in the deep blue vault above me, or speculate on the nation and character of some mysterious craft which, like us, lay becalmed in the far-distant horizon; or lolling over the quarter rail, I would gaze at the porpoises and finny monsters of the deep sporting far down in the dark waters, or imagining forests of emerald sea-weed, growing miles beneath on the bottom of the silent sea, I would conjure up in my mind images of wrecks of ancient vessels, which had lain there perhaps for uncounted ages.

At night, when the silver moon threw down her soft and mellow rays on the transparent bosom of the deep, the sailors, seated on benches and hen-coops on deck, would tell yarns of their voyages in many parts of the world; but a description, which an Egyptian merchant we had on board one evening gave of the effects of Hascheesch, interested me more than all the tales of the others.

The gestures of the man, and the expression of his countenance, as in broken language he attempted to describe the unutterable rapture this drug produces on the mental and physical system, so excited my curiosity that I secretly determined to make the experiment myself at the earliest opportunity.

In answer to my inquiries the next day, as to

where Hascheesch could be obtained when we arrived on the coast of Palestine, to my surprise and delight he informed me that he had a considerable quantity on board, a sufficient portion of which he would furnish me, if I then desired to make the experiment. He accordingly prepared a small amount of a brown-colored paste, which, receiving from a tea-spoon, I permitted to dissolve on my tongue, and found the flavor to resemble that of dried rose-leaves, and though bitter, far from unpleasant.

It was the middle of a beautiful summer afternoon, and all nature was hushed in repose; the idle air was undisturbed by the slightest breath of wind, and had it not been for the slight swell of the waves, and scarcely perceptible roll of the vessel, we could easily have supposed ourselves on a sea of glass. The sea-fowls, too lazy for the exertion of flight, floated listlessly on the water undisturbed, and fish of every description sported around the ship, utterly regardless of our presence; the languid atmosphere and unvaried monotony lulled us all to repose, and it was the desire to shake off the lethargy that led me to put myself under the influence of Hascheesch at that particular time.

Had we been bounding rapidly over the billows toward the consummation of our voyage, I should have waited till we arrived on the coast of Palestine, when I could have gratified my curiosity in an apartment in private; but as it was I hailed with delight the opportunity of breaking up the tiresomeness of the period during which we were becalmed, by indulging in any thing which promised to be of an exciting nature.

Having taken the Hascheesch accordingly, I sat down on a bench near the bow of the vessel awaiting the result. The Egyptian had informed me that I might expect to feel its effect in about fifteen minutes, but after waiting near an hour without experiencing any unusual feeling, I began to think my African friend had either been mistaken in his description of the effects of Hascheesch, or had given me some other drug possessing no exhilarating qualities whatever; and with this conviction rose from my seat and was proceeding to bathe my hands and face previous to retiring to my berth to take an afternoon's nap.

While standing near the stern of the vessel waiting for some water which a sailor was drawing for me from the sea, I suddenly felt a burning heat in the pit of my stomach; a fine nervous thrill trembled along every fiber of my frame to my very extremities, my heart throbbed with such violence that every pulsation seemed like the stroke of a trip-hammer, the blood leaped through

my veins with the velocity of lightning, and all at once, as by some almighty force, I seemed to be carried aloft into the great universe above me.

Slowly, but steadily and ceaselessly, I was pushed, by some invisible power beneath my feet, up into the vast realms of infinity, and on and on, through countless ages of time, I ascended into those regions of nothingness which are far beyond the utmost verge of creation. Centuries ago I had passed the farthest star in God's great universe; all the infinite host of heaven was faintly glimmering uncounted leagues beneath my feet; yet as cycle after cycle of ages rolled by, I was still carried up and up into boundless fields of empty vacancy.

Through all those wide domains, which were shrouded in the blackness of darkness, silence was the supreme monarch, and not the slightest sound nor ray of light disturbed the profound gloom and stillness. Years, centuries, ages rolled away, and still I was rising through unbounded space, which had never heard the voice which spoke creation into birth, nor felt the presence of the Deity himself.

I was the only being that had ever entered those mighty, unexplored regions, and divided from all created things by a distance too great for the mind to grasp, moving on for millions of years through infinite space. I felt what it was to be eternal. During the countless ages since I had left the earth the sun had melted into gloom, and all creation had faded away—all other things had dissolved again into dust and I alone remained. And then followed an indescribable sense of loneliness. O how awful to be solitary in that unfathomable sea of blackness and silence! The thought of being doomed to exist thus forever, with no friend nor companion, with no ray of light to cheer the blank gloom, nor sound to wake the oppressive, smothering silence, was appalling, and I felt myself going insane. I was gasping for breath—was dying, when suddenly, with the rapidity of a gleam of lightning in the darkness of a summer midnight, the whole scene changed. In the twinkling of an eye a flood of dazzling light burst upon my astounded vision and filled the whole universe with celestial brightness. It was a light whose extreme brilliancy and softness imagination can not conceive; and at this moment the more I attempt to concentrate my mind on the remembrance, and the more distinctly the glorious scene reveals itself to my memory, the more I despair of ever being able to give any adequate idea of its mingled grandeur and sweetness, and of the unutterable raptures its perception produced within me. Of ten thousand times the

brightness of the sun, it was yet as soft and mellow as the holiest rays of the full moon in the calm tranquillity of a lovely summer night.

Never, since the Almighty spoke that grandest of all sayings, "Let there be light," and a radiant flood of glory gushed in upon impenetrable gloom, revealing the beautiful earth, with all its green hills, and waving woodlands, and laughing streams, and towering mountains, and billowy oceans—never, since the dazzling sun flashed into existence in the midst of the black heavens, and the gentle moonlight kissed the forests and lawns still trembling in the newness of their birth, and the planets commenced their eternal roll, and the morning stars sang together, did such a mighty sea of splendor swell through the universe.

It was not colorless, but rather all colors combined in a hue, which, though perfectly visible, was, at the same time, more clear than the purest crystal, and more transparent than the air when, at summer noon, the sight roams unchecked save by the distance in the deep vault of heaven; and to a union of all the colors born of light was added some superior quality, which refined and purified the whole, by the perception of which my whole being was thrilled with delight. An indescribable quality, it produced an indescribable sensation, comparable to nothing better than that produced by some luxurious but refined odor wafted on gentle breezes to the sense of smell. The whole heavens were radiant with excess of light, so pure and so ethereal that it seemed to come into direct contact with the spirit without passing through the organ of vision.

It was as the light which, exuding from the person of the Deity, in the absence of sun and stars, fills all heaven with its fullness.

When sufficiently recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden revelation of so much glory as to discover my whereabouts, I found myself bounding over a crystal sea in a barge made of shell, far more exquisitely fashioned than the superb chariot in which the ancient goddesses used to skim over the swelling billows in the bright interval succeeding a mighty storm. Formed of purest shell, inlaid with pearl, and studded with diamonds and blazing sapphires, my barge darted on with increased velocity over a transparent ocean, whose waves, breaking on green shores in the far distance, emitted flashes of splendor superior to the rays of the most precious gems. In the advance, floating in the waves, was a superb palace of crystal, whose dome seemed to touch the sky, and from whose portals, toward which my flight was bound, the effulgent light of which I have before spoken was emitted, and was now

accompanied by strains of music, which were wafted countless leagues over that wide ocean.

Within the open gates a countless multitude were awaiting my arrival, as with untold swiftness I sped on to meet them. As my boat, darting through the doorway, skimmed over the placid waters within, the music lost its heavenly softness, and instead of lyres, and lutes, and harps, was the sound of mighty organs, and trumpets, and clarions; and strains of martial music, swelling triumphantly through the air, gave an idea like the moving of a mighty panorama, or of vast armies on the march. Received by an innumerable multitude, I was borne along a road lined with thousands, and over green hills and swelling vales teeming with countless millions of beings.

It was the march of a conquering monarch—the triumph of a Roman emperor.

My arrival, how, I could not tell, had ushered in some mighty day, had brought about some tremendous crisis in which the fate of nations was to be decided. That day was pregnant with incalculable results; a day sublime from the events transpiring therein; a day that witnessed the rescue of all that wide sea of people from woe inconceivable. In some way, I knew not how, I was the author of their escape from some mighty impending fate, of the nature and extent of which I was alike ignorant, and had but a vague, indistinct impression that I somewhat was the object of universal adoration and homage; and as my triumphal chariot, attended by infinite cohorts and innumerable cavalcades, rolled on in solemn majesty at the head of those swelling multitudes, my feelings were those of omnipotence—they were as sublime as those of a God. They were such as are sometimes inspired by the peals of a mighty organ, when on Easter Sabbath the vast columns of sound swell and roll through a cathedral till all the windows rattle and the foundations of the edifice itself tremble with the thunder of the intonations, or by the singing of thousands of worshipers in our western wilds, when the sound of their united voices sweeps over the forests like the noise of a mighty storm.

During all this time I was perfectly aware that I was on board the vessel; that I had taken Hascheesch, and that these illusions were the effect of it. It seemed as if I were in two places at the same time; that while one half of me was reveling in a sensuous elysium and rapidly traveling the universe, the other half remained in quietude, calmly surveying the strange and gorgeous fancies which were passing through my brain. But the most remarkable feature of the delusion was the

immense length of time which seemed to transpire in a very few minutes. In scarce two hours innumerable ages seemed to have passed by, during which my soul was steeped in bliss unutterable. But in the very height of my rapture, at the very moment when I seemed the object of admiration and homage by all the multitudes surrounding me; and when all things conceivable were ministering to my mental and physical happiness, the picture suddenly faded from my view, and in a moment the support was taken from under my feet, and in utter darkness I was falling, falling, falling. Having enjoyed the ecstasies produced by Hascheesch, the reaction was now coming on, and I was paying the bitter penalty of my temerity. My perceptions became dim and confused, my skin was hot and parched as by the blast of a furnace, while the blood roared through my veins like a mighty river, and thundered in my ears with the noise of many cataracts. Gradually I sunk into a melancholy stupor, from which I woke eighteen hours afterward with nerves all unstrung, and mind and body depressed. All desire to visit Palestine had fled not to return, till its shores rose in the horizon, and I have been cured ever since of all desire to experiment with Hascheesch.

THE TREE; OR, GRIEFS OF FILIAL LONGING.

A FATHER went over the sea into a distant country. But before he departed he called all his children together. He carried a tree in his hand, and they assisted in planting it. And the father said, Whenever you look at this tree, think of your absent parent. Before it blooms thrice, I hope to be with you again, if it be the will of God! Thus he spoke and departed, and the blossoming of the tree was beautiful and lovely the first year.

But as the father was going over the sea, there arose a mighty tempest, and the ship foundered on the rocks, and the father was buried in the waves.

Then his children wept and mourned for many months, and especially when the buds of the tree expanded and bloomed, they stood around and wept. And a friend to the shipwrecked father, a wise man, came to the children and said: Behold, the tree can no longer advance the object for which it was planted, and is only a source of affliction to you, therefore let me remove it and plant another in its place, that its appearance may no longer grieve you! But the children unanimously answered and said, O no, suffer us to keep the tree! If joy does not blossom on it, but only tears and grief, they are the tears of love and the griefs of filial longing. O take it not from us!

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY ALBERT SUTLIFF.

SANK the red sun of October, rounder, ruddier, fairer,
grown,
For the Indian summer glories round its setting grouped
and thrown,
And the Rhenish watchful castles crimson draped every
one.
Dropped behind the unseen outline of the mountains gold
and blue,
Leaving such a sunlit fullness that the gazer scarcely
knew
It was night-time; hills and valleys pierced and flooded
through and through.
In the shadows birds were singing, in the braided boughs
and vines,
With a summer sweetness blended with an autumn wail
of winds;
Very softly swung the willows; very mournful sighed the
pines.
Past the vineyards stood the wind-mills with their arms
in quiet crossed,
Pausing for the mountain's breezes, mighty laborers with-
out cost,
Watching on the hills their brethren in the distance dim
and lost.
Then the coarseness of the herd-boy at the beauty of
the scene
Changed, as distance softens music, to a silence most
serene,
And he walked with measured paces, and an awed and
gentle mien.
And the fisher by the river sang a distance-softened song,
Rolled along the vintner's hillsides, sweetly sad and
faintly strong,
Slowly veering, as if fearing it should do the silence
wrong.
Then the peasant dame in cottage, and the lady fair in
hall,
Felt the self-same influence falling with the holy dews
that fall;
And they prayed to Mary Mother—gentle mother hearing
all.
Then the golden paled to ashen; and above the hills afar,
Peering o'er a silver cloud-edge, like a queen in shining
car,
Gleamed that light in antique numbers sung of as the
lover's star.
And amid that tender beauty did we stand, my love, that
day,
Looking from the vined Rhine bank o'er the ocean far
away
To our land, and to the homestead seeming distant as
Cothay.
Then we thought, "This land is lovely, vineyard slope
and river vale,
Castled crag so proudly standing, where the day begins
to fall,
And the sunset, making golden, renders true the Arab
tale."
And I said, "There flow between us and the land our
fathers trod,

Ocean wastes so wild and dreary, like our sins 'twixt us
and God;
But the sun shines calm and steady on the river, on the
sod.

Let us go unto the sunset; we will plant a slope with
vines;
They shall ripen within murmur of our forest of old
pines,
Gathering sweetness from our sunshine, getting sub-
stance for our wines.

But our rivers shall be brighter with the names our
fathers gave,
And the forests on our hillsides tall shall grow, and green
shall wave,
And the twining flowers shall cover each old mossy stone
and grave.

We have seen the Alpine mountains going down into the
deeps,
Soaring up into the heavens where is God who never
sleeps—
Sunlight round their heads, but lower, hanging mist that
frowns and weeps.

We have seen the Tiber flowing 'twixt its olives to the
sea,
And the old Rome standing by it grand in its antiquity—
Crowned and crownless; Lear and Caesar, such another
may not be.

And the noble masters hanging ever on the walls of time,
Every century's harvest greater till their fame is in its
prime,
When the world's last sun is setting and its death-bell
'gins to chime.

But our wanderings may be ended; let the tall Alps now
give place
To our childhood's humble mountain, with the trout-
brook at its base,
And the pond with sky reflected, or the stars for nightly
grace."

And you said, "Your words are treading where my
thoughts have gone before,
When we stood amid the ruins on the yellow Tiber's
shore,
When we heard the thundering torrents down the Alpine
gorges roar.

All the home-sounds murmured through me, all the voices
of the hills,
Where the forest standeth grandly when the autumn
days are still,
And the earth keeps golden silence, and we wander as we
will."

So we came; the sea was halcyon, but the skies were
darker grown;
Far along the shivering landscape fitfully the leaves were
blown;
Southward went the summer, leaving the bright wood-
lands all alone.

But the Lares warmed our spirits with the hearth-light
never dim,
And the pine-tree warders murmured as of old the ances-
tral hymn,
Watching in the midnight vapors moon and stars together
swim.

And our former life moves smother in these latter groves
 of thought,
 Wiser for the old-world lessons in this new experience
 taught;
 Fairer for the old-world pictures in our memories home-
 ward brought.
 For we see the visioned vineyards on the proudly castled
 Rhine,
 And the blue Italian heavens spread above the Appenines,
 Making all our day-dreams golden—making half our life
 divine.

A VESPER HOUR.

BY R. MARIA BECK.

Long and darkly fall the shadows,
 Far along the sloping hill,
 Of the green and towering maples,
 By the ever-murmuring rill.
 O'er its waters, always playing,
 Willow boughs are ever swaying,
 Dipping in its dreamy purl,
 Giving it a gentle curl—
 Giving it a swifter motion,
 On its mission to the ocean.
 Deep'ning to a beauty bright
 Are the golden beams of light;
 O'er yon wavy hill they lie,
 Lovely even as they die.
 Thus it is with dying day,
 Lovely is its parting ray;
 Lovely is its rosy blush,
 Though it be the hectic flush,
 Warning us 't will soon be o'er,
 With its joys to come no more.
 Long the robin sung his lay,
 Then did lightly fly away;
 Now he smooths his ruddy breast
 In some leaf-embowered nest;
 Now he opes and shuts his eye
 As the peedee flutters by;
 Seeking, too, her quiet pillow,
 On the rock beneath the willow;
 O'er that rock the mosses cling,
 'Neath it wells a bubbling spring.
 Often in its limpid play
 Catches she the sparkling spray;
 Stoops she from her weary flight,
 Cools her tongue before the night,
 Sinks upon her mossy bed,
 Waiting for the morning red,
 Steals o'er her a tranquil hush,
 Listening to the waters' gush.
 Falls a voice upon my ear,
 Dreamily its sounds I hear;
 Very low and soft its tone,
 Softer than a troubled moan.
 'T is the voice of a lone dove,
 Bird which most of all I love;
 And I know the very bough
 Upon which she's sitting now.
 'Neath it there are waters still,
 Sheltered by a craggy hill—
 Waters never touched by storm;
 Mirrored there is her dark form;

Yet she knows it not nor sees;
 Looks she through the darkling trees—
 Looks she for her coming mate,
 From his distant flight too late.
 Now that trembling voice is still,
 Wakes no echo o'er the hill;
 Silently the dews have fell,
 Waking flowers in the dell.
 Luna, with her silver beams,
 Smiles upon a world of dreams.

DECEMBER.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THE air is thick with rain and falling leaves;
 The mountain tops are hidden from my sigh
 The sea in sad monotony upheaves
 Its cold, dark deep unto the cheerless light.
 No breezes bland to these dull days belong,
 But blasts instead, which choked the summer's flowers;
 I listen vainly for one note of song
 To break the tedium of these lonely hours.
 I count the weary weeks of cold and storm
 That wait upon the winter's dreary track,
 And think how long before the summer warm
 Shall lead her train of vanished glories back.
 And, looking backward through the months of leaves,
 I think how, through the long, long reign of snow,
 I waited sorrowing, as the captive grieves,
 To find the haunts where spring's first blossoms grow.
 It seems not long since, on a sunny slope,
 When wreaths were fresh upon the brow of May,
 I found the bright fulfillment of my hope—
 A violet, sheltered 'mong the mosses gray.
 It seems not long since first the blessed birds
 Woke me at morn; and, through the April dew,
 I followed, listening to their winsome words,
 To where their little nests were builded new.
 Brief seems the time—yet all their songs are o'er;
 Weary of storm, to climes diviner fled:
 Brief—yet the flowers of summer bloom no more,
 And all the hopes that with them bloomed are dead.
 The withered leaves lie heaped upon the path
 Where then my footsteps crushed the springing green:
 No radiant traces now the shorn earth hath
 Of all the regal splendor that has been.
 Yet, heart desponding! snow to springtime leads:
 These times of storm will pass in peace away;
 And through the drear December rain faith reads
 A glowing promise of returning May.
 A million million germs lie buried where
 The winds to-day go moaning up and down;
 Hid in the roughness of the branches bare,
 The royal richness of the summer's crown.
 So from the dust of buried hopes shall rise
 A realm of richer life and brighter bloom;
 Enriched by sorrow, every germ that dies
 Shall spring, renewed in beauty, from the tomb.
 The winter of thy toil will soon be past,
 And spring will grace with gladness all the ground:
 The bread thou dost upon the waters cast
 Shall surely, after many days, be found.

THE GOOD MATCH.

BY SHEELAH.

IT was an attic room, with white-washed walls and shabby furniture; yet it had a neat and cleanly air, and the books and ornaments scattered round told that the occupants had intellect and taste.

Seated at a small table, on which a fluid lamp was burning, and busily engaged in darning stockings, was a young woman of calm and thoughtful aspect; while another, whose fair, soft face bore a restless, troubled look, slowly swayed herself in a rocking-chair beside the stove. They were silent: the mind of each was evidently occupied. At length the last-mentioned spoke.

"Do talk to me, Susan!" she exclaimed, "it is so dull, this everlasting thinking."

"Certainly, Alice, I am willing to converse with you," was the gentle reply; "but I am sorry you find thinking such dull work: there was one once who declared that 'in the multitude of his thoughts within him' he found 'delight.'"

"O yes! but if I remember rightly it was 'comfort' that delighted him. Now I have no comfort—not a spark."

"None, Alice!" and the needle stopped as the speaker turned her eyes tenderly on her friend; "no comfort, dear!—where's your religion?"

"Not even religion can bring comfort when want is staring us in the face."

"But turn your eyes away from the staring tempter and fix them here. 'They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'"

"And yet you know, Susan," persisted Alice, "that the Lord's people are often among the poorest—just think of Lazarus."

"I know 'God hath chosen the poor of this world;' but poverty is not want. It is written, 'God shall supply all your need;' and even Lazarus, of whom you remind me, was supplied. He desired the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; and there is reason to believe he was fed. He was covered with sores; but the dogs came and licked them, and the cleansing and healing efficacy of the dog's saliva is well known. We have, then, no evidence that even Lazarus wanted any good thing."

"Well, Susan, I suppose that is so; but I should like to see how *our* wants are to be supplied, when the last of our money is gone."

"You would like to see; but, Alice, it is better to believe without seeing: the children of God 'walk by faith, not by sight.' This dispensation may be sent for no other purpose than to test our trustful submission to our heavenly Father's lov-

ing care; let us, then, commit our cause into his hands, and, if our faith is weak, pray that it may be strengthened."

There was now a pause, during which the darning-needle resumed its activity; and, while the silence lasts, let us look into the circumstances by which these young women are surrounded.

They were orphans, who had hitherto gained for themselves a comfortable support by working in a book-binding establishment in New York city; but one of those terrible convulsions that sometimes shake the business community had just taken place, and they were suddenly thrown out of employment. A little money, which they had saved, sufficed for their support when no longer earning; but as week after week passed, without any sign of trade reviving, while their little store fast diminished, their prospects, according to finite comprehension, were indeed gloomy.

Between the two girls no light acquaintance subsisted: they had long worked at the same bench, were room-mates in the same boarding-house, and members of the same Christian Church; yet they were constitutionally dissimilar, and their close companionship did not appear to effect much change in the marked characteristics of either.

Alice Fenton was pretty, gay, and winning; and with a disposition naturally inclined to vanity and self-indulgence, which laid her under much obligation to grace and holy associations for their restraining and purifying influences.

Susan Kearns lacked the attractive graces of her friend, but her mind was more richly endowed, more highly cultivated, and her heart more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of religion.

In many cases strong minds control weaker ones; yet it may be observed that the latter, if yielding to some darling error, will suddenly display an amount of obstinacy and resistance which no power can overcome. The ductile mind of Alice Fenton had been almost unconsciously swayed and modified by her correct thinking friend; but when a temptation came which flattered her innate propensity, did the warning voice of the monitress avail? We shall see.

The silence in which we left the maidens was broken by the entrance of a servant, who announced that a gentleman wished to see Miss Fenton. The latter immediately arose, smoothed her hair, made her collar straight, and, glancing timidly at her friend, left the room and descended to the parlor. Long sat Susan Kearns alone in that dim attic, her pale features wearing an expression of intense thought. She still plied her needle, though with a trembling and unsteady

hand, till her work was finished; then, falling on her knees, she spent the next half hour in prayer.

When Alice Fenton returned she found her friend pacing the room with slow steps. She was proceeding to her seat, but Susan approached, and drew her along as she walked.

"Now, Alice, darling, tell me—tell me frankly, as you would a sister, Alice, what has passed between you and Mr. Greer?"

The young girl did not immediately speak, and when she did, it was in a flurried, nervous tone.

"Susan, he loves me!" she exclaimed—"seriously loves me—I know he does!"

"There never was any doubt of that," quickly rejoined her friend; "nothing but love, strong and genuine, would make a man of his fortune seek to marry a girl of your position. What answer have you given him?"

"O, I have not given him an answer yet!"

"But why not? why so long deliberate?"

"Because, Susan, I'm not quite sure whether it is right to reject him. When I was in work and had no fear of wanting a dollar, I did not think so much of his offer; but now that I am in difficulty, not knowing where to turn for the means of living, a good provision is more acceptable."

"But, Alice dear, do not our souls need provision as well as our bodies? Will this man's love and his wealth be helps to you in your Christian walk?"

"He says he will come to Church with me every Sunday; and perhaps I may be the means of good to him—he is not a wicked man."

"You mean he is not a breaker of human laws. He may accompany you on Sundays to a fashionable church, where there is a popular preacher and fine music; but with your soul's progress he will have no sympathy. I have warned you against this unequal yoke; and now I feel it a weight on my heart, beside which my own trials are lightly borne."

It was getting late; the fire had burnt low in the stove, and the fluid was nearly exhausted in the lamp; the conversation was, therefore, discontinued, preparations were made for the night, and, side by side, the maidens lay down to sleep.

A few days more and Susan Kearns occupied the attic chamber alone. Alice never rejected her counsels or refused to listen to her pleadings, but they fell upon unheeding ears. She became the wife of one who lived "without Christ" and "without God in the world."

Her scrupulous friend refused to accompany her to the altar, or to partake in the least degree of her prosperity. "I do not approve of this

marriage," said Susan, "and you or my own conscience shall never accuse me of aiding and abetting in its contract;" but when the farewell moment came she clasped her in a tearful embrace, kissed and blessed her, then closed the door of the desolate chamber, spent the long hours of the wedding-day in prayer and weeping, and the next morning went forth, as she had done every day for weeks, in search of employment.

But Alice Fenton had made a splendid match. All her acquaintances were astonished at her good fortune. To be sure Mr. Greer was not young, neither was he handsome or very amiable; but he ardently loved his pretty bride, and in surrounding her with all the luxuries and indulgences that money could procure he took the fullest delight. There was no more work for the orphan girl—no more carking care when out of work; but with a richly-furnished house in the fashionable part of the city, carriage, and servants, and smiling friends, her portion appeared a bright one, and well and wisely chosen.

* * * * *

The soft shadows of a summer twilight descended on a party of happy children, who sported on the lawn in front of a beautiful farm-house.

On the wide piazza, adorned with flowering vines, a fine-featured man in the prime of life, and a lady, whose chief attractions were the perfect neatness of her garb and the gentle, sweet expression of her countenance, sat watching with interest the gambols of the merry group.

"It seems but a short time since we were married, ma," said the gentleman, turning with a smile to his companion. "I do not realize it till I look at those great girls; Alice is nearly as tall as yourself, and Susan is striving to overtake her."

"It appears quite as short to me; eleven years last fall, and yet it seems but as yesterday. O! why do our happy years fly so swiftly, and days of sadness drag so tediously along?"

"I did not intend, by my remark, to bring any thing unpleasant to your recollection, ma."

"It is not unpleasant to recall the past," she said, "for the trials of my youth were so mixed with mercies that a review of them increases my thankfulness. My first great sorrow in the death of my mother, the only parent whom I ever knew, was ameliorated by the sweet affection of Alice Fenton, who, about that time, came to work by my side. I was alone—entirely alone; for of all the girls who were employed in that large establishment, there were none 'like minded,' with whom I could take 'sweet counsel.' For two years her companionship gladdened my heart; and then came a great trial—the wheels of the

great mill of trade stood still, and we shared the fate of thousands in being suddenly deprived of the means of procuring bread.

"It was well for me then that I had Alice's faith and patience to strengthen—the effort to do so strengthened my own. With her, however, I did not succeed. She cultivated a fondness for the good things of this life, and submission to Providence could not thrive in the same soil. To escape poverty she married a man of the world, and left me once more desolate.

"O, what a dark and dreary season I had then to pass through, going from house to house in the great, cold city, looking for work, while, day by day, my little savings were dwindling! One evening as I returned from my usual fruitless search, harassed with painful forebodings—I had now but three dollars left, and a few days more would run that out in board—my anguished heart exclaimed, 'My Father, what art thou going to do with me?' Instantly I felt these words applied to my mind, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"In a crowded and bustling street of the giant city that prayer arose, the answer was vouchsafed, and immediately a calm fell upon my spirit that no after apprehension had power to disturb.

"The next morning my pastor called on me and asked if I would undertake school-teaching, offering me a situation. The situation and salary were good and I accepted.

"And have I not since learnt, dear Samuel, what the Lord meant by shutting every door in New York against me?"

The husband made no reply; emotion kept him silent.

It was in the interior of New York state, where Susan Kearns—now Mrs. Gordon—dwelt in peace, with a pious husband and five promising children. A secluded valley—it offered a grateful retreat to the worn invalid. Such a one had just arrived at the little village inn. The good minister of the Church of which the Gordons were members, took an early opportunity of visiting her; and struck with an air of melancholy which gave deeper interest to her declining state, he rode over to the farm to bespeak from Mrs. Gordon her kind attention to the stranger. Susan lost no time in obeying the call.

A soft air was fanning the pale cheeks of the invalid, as Mrs. Gordon was ushered by the lady's maid into the chamber of her mistress. The latter languidly reclined in an easy chair. She was habited in a rich robe of Indian silk over a skirt of embroidered muslin, with under-sleeves and a collar of the most elegant design; her little

feet were cased in the finest silk web and slippered with dainty kid.

Yet, nor fine garb, nor proud surroundings attracted the attention of Susan Gordon, but her gaze was riveted to the sad, sweet face that turned to greet her entrance. It was no stranger that she met, though the form had lost its roundness, the cheeks their rosy tint, and the humid eye, half hid beneath its drooping lash, no longer shone with light of hope and gladness; yet change could not disguise from true affection an object so beloved, and Susan felt her bosom throb with mingled joy and pain, as she discovered, in the frail and faded creature before her, the once beauteous and buoyant Alice. A gush of tears, a low cry, and the long-sundered friends were clasped in each other's arms.

It was evening again around the old farmhouse, yet the children were not sporting on the lawn, nor the parents seated on the cool veranda enjoying their innocent mirth; but within a large and tastefully-arranged chamber, on a softly-cushioned couch, a lady slumbered; and careful feet trod noiselessly, and voices spoke in whispers, lest lightest sound should mar her needed rest. Could tender nursing, loving care, and untiring watchfulness arrest consumption's hand, and bring back to the wasted frame departed health, Mrs. Greer would soon have been her former self again. Beside the lounge sat Susan mournfully contemplating. Presently the sleeper awoke, when the kind watcher stooped, and kissing her cheek, inquired if she felt refreshed.

"Yes," she replied, "it is all peace since I have been with you. O, Susan! how good has God been after all my unworthiness! How little did I think, when fleeing for rest to this obscure region, that an invisible Hand was guiding me to you!"

"An invisible Hand directs all our movements, dear Alice," was the reply; "'a sparrow can not fall to the ground without our Father's notice.'"

"And yet, Susan, I have sometimes feared that he had given me up to my own evil way."

"He gives us a free will, dear, to choose our own way, and when we err he suffers us to receive the penalty due to our error; still his superintending care is over all the works of his hand, and he sometimes overrules our own frowardness to our ultimate good."

"Yes, 'his merciful kindness is great toward us;' even his chastisements I look upon as blessings, for 'before I was afflicted I went astray.'"

The sick woman now seemed fatigued, and her prudent nurse enjoined her to rest awhile. Poor Alice had been long without a sympathizing

friend, to whom she could unfold her thoughts and feelings, and once more with the companion of her youth she found so much to communicate that, were she permitted, she would continue to speak beyond the limits of her strength. Gradually, however, and in disjointed portions, Mrs. Gordon learnt the particulars of her life since they had parted, and dearer, and more dear did the sufferer become to the tender heart of her friend, as the latter received from her trembling lips her brief, pathetic story.

Mr. Greer had fallen in love with her beauty and simplicity, and in order to induce her to favor his suit had tempted her latent vanity and love of ease with the glitter of his wealth. To help his cause adversity came upon her, and, between the dread of poverty and the desire of indulgence, she was drawn into a marriage in which her heart had no share. But in her new position Alice failed to find the expected happiness. At first she stepped demurely into the world, meaning to keep her religion and taste enjoyment too. Her self-reliance, however, was not well founded; she had not strength to walk alone, and yielding to her husband's guidance, she was led on in the path of pleasure, farther and still farther from the "way of holiness." Of course she was not happy. Who that has eaten "angels' food" can live on husks?

Mr. Greer loved his wife devotedly, and studied her gratification in every thing; but he was jealous and exacting, and required an amount of tenderness from her which he did not feel. He forgot that he had never won her love; he sought her hand and she had sold it to him—her heart he never touched. Had he been satisfied with a kind and dutiful wife, of whose beauty he was proud, and whose truth was reliable, their wedded peace would have been safe; or had Alice possessed the guile to simulate an unreal sentiment, they might have enjoyed domestic calm; but there was neither indifference on his side, nor hypocrisy on hers; he measured his love and yearned for a full return, and she received his warmest demonstrations with apathy. This contrariety of feeling was cause of mutual discontent; and Alice, forgetting the true refuge in time of trouble, drank with greater avidity of the cup of pleasure. Alas! she had longed for riches as a good, and refusing to submit her fortune to God's will, urgently entreated for worldly prosperity: "he gave her her request, but sent leanness into her soul."

Nor had the worst yet come. Mr. Greer's jealous mind conjured up suspicions injurious to his wife's purity; and wounded by censures, and in-

sulted by doubts, the proud woman groaned beneath a worse than Egyptian bondage. It was painful to talk over the years thus spent. But Alice was determined to tell Susan all—all that she had suffered from disregarding her counsel and putting trust in a flattering delusion. She found it more difficult, however, to relate the last trial; for here conscience arose, like an accusing spirit, laying another's sin at her door. Her husband sought in other society the love her heart had never rendered him. His gold made him a rich prize to the unprincipled, and, alas! that lovely woman should ever so profane her holy nature—he met one who, with designing art, cajoled him into her power. To the poor stricken wife this was the final blow; self-reproach came in like a fury and laid her prostrate; the world, for which she had bartered her happiness, became loathsome to her; her health failed; her heart was broken; and, turning from the sickening scene of her despair, she sought, for her worse than widowed head, a lonely place to rest.

The summer, with its bright sunbeams and gay zephyrs, passed gladly on, and buoyant life filled earth and air with joyous music; but no resuscitating power visited the languishing frame of sorrow's victim. Even peace—the peace of reconciliation to an offended God, through the blood of his Son—though it brought smiles to her lips and praise to her tongue—could not restore the bloom of health to her faded cheek; and, mid the splendors of a bright autumnal morning, when the rays of a cloudless sky illumed the richly-painted landscape, and Nature's voice gushed forth in melody, the angel of stern messages approached her soul, and o'er the hushed household of her girlhood's friend shed the awe of his solemn presence.

Mr. Greer committed the wasted form of his once brilliant wife, with funereal pomp, to a costly tomb, then returned to his guilty enjoyments, and, save in the old homestead where she breathed her last, the memory of her who had chosen the world for her portion, was unwept—uncherished. None took warning from her sad mistake; and on the spot where her young life was blighted, others, as lovely as she in her maiden piety, are now giving heed to that dangerous illusion, a good match.

THE NEGLECT MOST TO BE DREADED.

NEGLECT is no proof of demerit—the most deserving are most exposed to it. It is often an advantage; for it is not the neglect of others, but self-neglect that is most to be dreaded.

DRY BONES.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE sword of Washington or Wallace, the arrow of William Tell, Luther's or Wesley's well-worn Bible, the pen with which Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence, or even the kite by whose aid Franklin first drew the lightning from the clouds—these were relics, to be cherished and valued. So, too, the telescope preserved in the museum at Florence, which aided Galileo in those discoveries which gave him faith to say, "Yet, it moves;" the copy of Montaigne's *Floris*, with the name of Shakspeare upon the leaf, written by the poet of all time himself; or the chair preserved at Antwerp, upon which Rubens sat when he painted his Descent from the Cross. Even the desire for autographs is an excusable one if judicious, although I have heard of people who run that amiable weakness into the ground, not only by begging and borrowing choice specimens, but considering them common property, like daguerreotypes, to be rightfully seized wherever found.

But the mania for keepsakes has, in all ages among so-called civilized men, gone far beyond these proper objects. Great saints and great sinners have been made alike the objects of semi-adoration. The jaw-bone of a saint, the toe-nail of an apostle, the handkerchief wherewith a king wiped his face, the rope that hanged a criminal, have been alike sought after. Great conquerors and great murderers, great philosophers and great quacks, great politicians and great thieves—all have had their admirers, who, confounding the famous with the infamous, and mistaking notoriety for renown, have ransacked the earth for mementoes of eminent rascality.

In our days the rage for relics has much decreased. Saints are no longer so much worshiped, miracles are less plenty, or men are less credulous, and there seems strong likelihood that as railroads and telegraphs advance through the world miracle-working relics will gradually disappear from the face of our sinful earth, and we, poor sinners, will be left to our own devices and the assistance of kind Providence, without the convenient intervention of some deceased saint's shin-bone or toe-nail.

The crusaders were the great relic-mongers of modern times. Those worthies, journeying toward Palestine with exaggerated enthusiasm, were prepared to bolt any and every pious fraud which the simplicity, ingenuity, or cupidity of their priests, or of the shrewd natives, might put forth. Fragments of the true cross, vials containing the tears

of our Savior, as well as tears of the Virgin and of St. Peter, precious drops of the blood of Jesus and of the martyrs, and of the milk of the Virgin—these were the articles most prized by the devout. After these came thorns of the crown of thorns, thigh-bones of the Virgin, and of other eminent personages, teeth, and especially toe-nails. It was computed by an irreverent statistician, that if all the fragments of the true cross, deposited in various sacred places in Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, could have been gathered together, there would have been sufficient material for a cathedral; while the tears and blood-drops were sufficient to have fed a small mill-stream; of Peter's toe-nails, which were for a long time in especial demand, there was at least a sackful to be found; and if all the thigh-bones were as genuine as their possessors contended, their saintly wearers must have been curious objects when in the flesh.

During the crusades the trade in relics was a most profitable one. Many a poor palmer left home with nothing, and returned with bones, nails, hair, etc., sufficient to "settle him for life." Thus Roman Catholic Europe, buried in superstition, became soon a vast museum of saintly remains, all which were accepted by high and low with most unwavering faith. When first England's young gentlemen began to make the grand tour, they must have beheld curious sights.

Even so late as the middle of the seventeenth century France, Germany, and Italy were yet mere museums and curiosity-shops. This is well shown in the "Journal" of an English nobleman of those days, from whose pages we propose to make some extracts.

Sir John Reresby, baronet, knight, and governor of the English city of York during the reign of Charles II, was born in 1635, espoused the cause of the first Charles, in his quarrel with the Parliament, was obliged to leave his country when Cromwell gained the ascendancy, and having means as well as leisure and curiosity, made the grand tour of Europe during the years 1654-'5-'6, and '7, recording in his journal his impression of the men and things he saw.

He left England, he says, "in that unhappy time when honesty was reputed a crime, religion superstition, loyalty treason; when subjects were governors, servants masters, and no gentleman assured of any thing he possessed; the least jealousy of disaffection to the late erected commonwealth being offense sufficient to endanger the forfeiture of his estate—the only laws in force being those of the sword."

He embarked at Rye, in April, 1654, and in

twenty-four hours arrived safely at Dieppe, having been boarded on the way by an Ostender in search of contraband wares. The next day they got to Rouen, "the fourth city in Normandy, and the second in France, both for wealth and beauty." Thence "by the messenger to Paris, who, according to the custom of the country, furnishes passengers with meat, drink, lodging, carriage, and all other accommodation for so far as you contract to go with him, at a reasonable rate—though not very cleanly, yet a convenient way of traveling for strangers."

Two leagues from Paris they came to St. Dennis, in the abbey of which town, "the richest in the kingdom," Sir John was shown a ruby as large as a walnut; likewise the sword of the *Pucelle* of Orleans; that of Charles the Great; and a claw of a griffin as big as a cow's horn. The articles held in most veneration, however, were "some true drops of our Savior's blood, some of our Lady's milk, a piece of the true cross, some of John the Baptist's bones—if you will believe it, remarks shrewd Sir John—and a consecrated wafer, besprinkled with drops of blood, which, they tell you, it bled, on being wounded with a pen-knife by a heretic that would not believe it the transubstantiated body and blood of our Lord."

From Paris to Orleans, and thence by water to Blois, "a day's journey distance from Orleans, in a passage boat, with some French men and women, who, by singing to make the journey more pleasant—some of them having good voices—made it less so; infecting the air at the same time with wafts of garlic—a great food in that country with bread—that it more nauseated the smell than gratified the ear."

Thence to Saumur, in the vicinity of which town our knight for some time resided, and finally, in July, 1656, toward Italy, being tired of France and the French, of whom he gives a very pertinent summary, stating that "they are hearty feeders, eating four meals a day, usually boiled meal at their dinners, and suppers of roast. The gentry seldom live in the country; or when they do it is for recruit, which makes them live very sparingly as to their diet, to clap it on their backs when they return to a good town, where, howsoever they fare, they will be fine. The inns are usually well provided with victuals, but the rooms are inconvenient, having two or three beds apiece, bare walls, coarse linen, which to procure clean is a favor; the meal you either agree for before it is dressed, or pay at so much a head.

"In fine," says Sir John, "the women are rather subtle than chaste, interesting than virtuous; a great itch to be well clad, sometimes occasioning

the neglect of one part to adorn the rest. The French are generally soon gained and soon lost; good company but bad friends; unable to keep a secret, and had rather lay their hands on their swords for you than on their purses. They have more of airy than solid, and attempt better than they perform."

Arrived at Lyons, where, to his surprise, "the women of quality, when they visit their country homes in summer, ride astride, like men, with hats and feathers," the knight agreed again with a *procacio*, or messenger, to furnish him and his attendant with "carriage, lodging, and diet" at a certain rate to Padua.

In Zurich, where they spend some days, he was shown the coat worn by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, the day the Swiss overran him and killed him in battle; and the great basket-hilted sword of William Tell, "who, though but an obscure person," says Sir John, "was the occasion of the liberty of his country," whereupon he relates the story of Tell's apple substantially as it has come down to our day.

Here, too, our traveler was shown immense granaries, wherein were kept stores of food against years of scarcity, and here he tasted wine of thirty years old—"or rather vinegar," he observes, and saw corn a hundred.

Sir John was not favorably struck with the obstinate democracy of Switzerland, and the Switzer disregard of titles of nobility. He says they drink excessively, and complains of the inn-keepers. "The best man in the town is commonly mine host; and should a traveler think himself imposed upon, or notoriously cheated in his reckoning, as strangers commonly are there, and go to complain to the chief magistrate, he would find his host the first man on the bench."

Arrived at Padua, he visited the colleges, where he found degrees to be had with little learning and small expense; and afterward the cathedral, where he was again shown some of the hair and milk of our Lady, which seems to have been pretty plentifully distributed over Europe at that time; a rag dipped in the blood of our Savior, and the bones of several saints. In fact, Italy, at this time, seems to have been merely a vast storehouse of dubious relics. In Venice Sir John was shown the portraits, in mosaic, of St. Francis and St. Dominic, made—"if you will believe," says he—before these worthies were born, by the direction of the great diviner Grovachius—whoever that may have been. Here, again, he saw some of the blood of our Savior, and the body of St. Mark, brought thither by merchants from Alexandria in the year 829.

Also he was in the city during the Carnival season, and was properly astounded at the disorderly mirth which reigned. Here he saw for the first time an opera; something new to him, which he says "is usually a tragedy sung in music, and much advantaged by a variety of scenes and machines." Here, too, he witnessed bull-baitings, sow-baitings, wrestling matches, wherein the object of the wrestlers was to throw each other off the bridge on which they were stationed into the water beneath; was scandalized at finding men dressed as women, and the reverse, and, finally, himself victimized by a practical joke, to which he thus alludes: "Some persons you shall meet, booted and spurred, as if lately arrived, offering you letters, which, if you peruse, you shall find smutty and abusive, but must not take it ill, all things being pardoned that are done in Carnival except blows."

From Venice to Bologna, where he was shown a thorn from the crown of thorns of our Savior. The good knight seems to have heard nothing of the sausages for which, according to Ross Brown, that ancient city is, at present, in most repute. Thence to Florence, then the finest city in Italy. Here Sir John tarried some time, and describes at great length the magnificence of the many palaces and gardens of the reigning Grand Duke.

It is curious to read what trivialities in those days contributed to the glory and riches of one of the foremost princes of Christendom. In the court-yard of the chief palace was placed a lodestone, four yards square, besides numerous statues "made by Michael Angelo, the most famous of our modern carvers." In one of the chambers were placed several mathematical devices, "one demonstrating the perpetual motion, another that either by land or sea, if you see the fire of a cannon or hear the report, and desire to know at what distance it is from you, it infallibly shows it, as they say, to a quarter of a mile, by the knocking of a leaden plummet, fastened by a string against the wood of the instrument." In another vast chamber were kept, together with twelve large cupboards full of the Duke's plate, "a statue of Cupid, in touch-stone, an amber candle-stick, with coral branches, a landscape in needle-work, an assortment of small heathen idols, a man's head cut out in a Turkey stone, a nail, half of it converted out of iron into gold by the philosopher's stone, some Turkish knives, Hannibal's head-piece, weighing but seven pounds, yet musket proof, 't is made of Corinthian brass, Charlemagne's sword, the king of China's vest, a scarlet gown of parrot's feathers, worn by the women of quality of India, Turkish and Persian

swords with pistols in the hilts, an Italian lock, a lodestone which takes up sixty pounds, and a long fowling-piece curiously carved, the barrel of gold."

The pleasure grounds of the Duke were full of like curiosities. In one, we are told, "there is a close walk with greens [grass] wherein, while you think to walk securely, by the turning of a key you are assailed by a shower of rain rising out of the ground all the length of the walk." In a grotto "stands the form of a shepherd in wood, holding a pair of bagpipes, where, upon the approach of a shepherdess of the same stuff, out of the opposite corner, by the secret operation of the water, he plays several notes, the little birds whistling at the same time by the same aqueduct. On the other side of the same grotto is the form of a dragon, and of a man near him taking up water in a dish, his rising arm meeting the stooping head of the dragon to drink by one and the same motion of water, which he drinks up and presently vomits up again."

Then there was the grotto of the Laundry, "where a woman statue, by the turning of a cock, beats a buck with a battle-door and turns clothes with the left hand." That of La Mascara, where a masked woman moved to and fro; that of Capito, "where are marble chairs, in which, while you design to repose yourself, an easy pressing upon the seat pulls down a gallon of water upon you, which, running to shun, the pavement you tread on spouts up more in your face."

"These and several others there are," says Sir John, who calmly notes down all these puerilities, "verifying the proverb that the water of Italy is more costly than the wine." With all this barbarous and childish magnificence, however, it struck our traveler oddly that the Grand Duke was himself a sharp trader, applying himself earnestly to what we Yankees call "merchandising," and living most frugally, "of which last it is evidence sufficient that he boards with his cook, agreeing with him by the week to provide for him daily so many dishes of meat for his own table, most of his servants being put out to board wages."

Altogether, Sir John was not so much delighted with Italy as travelers of our days are. He complains of the violent heats of summer, keeping people in doors, and of the bitter cold of winter, having seen the canals of Venice frozen over for the space of eight days continuously. He does not trust the men, whom he calls treacherous and revengeful, nor the women, of whose moral character he has the lowest opinion. As for the inns, the worthy gentleman shall speak for himself: "Their inns are very extortious. The

best way is to agree for the meal beforehand, or to dine, *à la carte*, by the ordinary. There you lie not upon feather beds, but quilts altogether, two and sometimes three, one upon another; though—traveling in summer—I rather chose to lie on forms, or tables, not only for fear of the itch—a common disease in Italy, and easily got in the inns, where it is extraordinary to get clean sheets—but also to secure myself from the troublesome and venomous biting of the *cimisi*, a sort of little creature like a sheep louse, which swarm in the bedsteads if they be any thing rotten, and the quilts themselves, where they are not carefully cleaned, from whence they assail you as soon as you are warm in bed, leaving red lumps, and a violent, lasting itching behind them." If we may believe recent travelers, the race of the *cimisi* is not yet extinct.

Tired of Italian sight-seeing and Florentine *cimisi*, the good knight betook himself toward Germany, again under the charge of one of his messengers. At Inspruck, where he tarried some days, he visited a castle, where, "among other curiosities, were kept in one room the harness or warlike habits of several Christian and Turkish princes, among others that worn by Francis I of France, when he was taken prisoner by Charles V, Emperor, where remain to this day more marks of his fear than courage."

In Cologne he saw great numbers of Roman arms, among others one of the Roman ballistæ, an immense cross-bow, the bow part made—so avers Sir John—of a whale's rib about the thickness of a man in the middle. Also, he was shown the bones of the famous eleven thousand virgins, and a huge stone which the devil threw in at the top of a church to destroy it. He thinks little of the German women, whom he calls the coarsest of Europe, and less of the men, who did nothing but drink while they had money to pay the score. "At an invitation I saw made at Francfort by the Bishop Elector of Mentz to the French ambassadors," he relates, "they sat at table from noon till night."

Coming into Holland an untoward incident had nearly persuaded him that the Dutch were a nation of fools. "A beggar and mere natural asking alms of us, it was told us he was the brother of sixteen fools like himself by one father and mother." His impressions were by no means favorable. He complains of the incivility of the rabble toward strangers, and thinks the people generally even greater drinkers than their neighbors, the Germans. "It is not known," says he, "whether the climate, the neighborhood of bigger Germany, or education from infancy occa-

sions this their thirst, for while they suck they feed them with beer in bottles made like a breast." Also he records the fact that the women of that country "do mostly wear the breeches, and insult over their husbands with words upon easy occasion, being much favored by the laws of the country."

Finally, on September 23, 1658, died "the Protector, Oliver Cromwell," whom our good knight speaks of very honestly as "one of the greatest and bravest men, had his cause been good, the world ever saw. His actions I leave to the historian, and, having been very near his person but once, at an audience of an ambassador at White Hall, I can only say that his figure did not come up to his character; he was, indeed, a likely person, but not handsome, nor had he a very bold look with him. He was plain in his apparel, and rather negligent than not. Tears he had at will, and was doubtless the deepest dissembler on earth."

The death of Cromwell and the return of Charles II brought back also Sir John Reresby, who, having been already a favorite of the royal exile, became now an assiduous partisan of the restored monarch, his friend in Parliament, and the recipient of his bounty elsewhere. The editor of his memoir naively states that "perhaps his best recommendation to Charles's favor was his moderation in making requests—a forbearance most pleasing to that prince's disposition."

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY REV. W. S. PETERSON.

OLD Winter is a tyrant void of heart;

He rudely grasps the beautiful and fair,
And lo! their tints of loveliness depart,

And naught remains but lonely ruin there.

Nor yet content in silence to destroy,

His wailing blasts o'er land and sea are hurld,
And Wind and Storm go forth with fiendish joy
To howl in triumph o'er the fettered world.

Not so does Autumn, for there seems to be

A kindly sympathy within his soul

For every blooming shrub, and flower, and tree

That fades beneath the frost's unkind control;

And, as he lays them in their resting-place,

The mistiness within his dreamy eyes,

And look of pity on his pallid face,

Tell that for beauty he can sympathize.

I well remember when pale Summer lay

Upon her couch of withered roses, how

Young Autumn stood beside her all the day,

And fann'd with faded leaves her lovely brow

And when her heart ceased its pulsations warm,

With touch of tenderness, and noiseless tread,

He threw his mantle o'er her lifeless form,

Then turned aside and wept that she was dead!

IMMORTALITY—INFERENCES.

BY R. THOMSON, D. D., LL. D.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE were no such institutions in Sodom. Her legislators probably would not have chartered them; they would not have been able to distinguish between a college and a distillery, and might have regarded a gentleman representing literary and moral interests as much out of place in the halls of the Capitol as a virtuous woman at one of their soirees. One university, husbanding its resources, improving its capital, and faithfully applying its revenues to its sacred objects, while it would have been a rebuke to all parties, would nevertheless have saved the city. It would have sent forth from year to year young men with cultivated minds, well-informed consciences, and regulated passions, to enter upon useful callings and find stimulus to honorable exertion and solace under the trials of life, in the sanctified affections of a virtuous home on earth and the hope of a better beyond it. How much, then, may we expect from the multitudes of seminaries that adorn our hills and valleys, whose peaceful processions and exulting peans make vocal our groves at this season of the year!

But he who imagines that these elements of good can be preserved without a struggle is mistaken. Neither the Bible, nor the Church, nor the ministry of the Gospel has any constitutional recognition, munition, or support in this government. It asks none, needs none. In the days of the apostles Zion faced the universe in arms; it will meet its foes now and here; it is strong in truth, goodness, God; but as in those days, so in these, it may not stand without might and martyrs. Terrible the situation of that minister who derives his daily food from distillers, or financial gamblers, or slaveholders. He needs *more* than a Luther's spirit. Over more than half of the Union the pulpit is hushed concerning the most appalling sin of the age. Even in the free north it has been outraged, blasphemed, and mobbed for speaking against oppression. In this respect had not Sodom the advantage of us? for it is not likely that slavery breathed its curses and lifted its lash over the cabinet, the legislative halls, and the orators of that devoted city. Who shall say but that in the coming conflicts of our country Church charters shall be annulled, church edifices demolished, and faithful ministers of Christ led out to the flames by an infuriated rabble—that Jacobin clubs, led on by brutal Dantons, may make our city gutters flow with blood and our legislatures eloquent of atheism! Nor is our school system more secure. Two

powerful parties, the rich and the Romanists, are its foes, while the jealousies of contending sects deprive it of the chief elements of education—morals and religion—leaving only discipline and letters, which may serve but to render our destruction more sure. Our admirable school system may not be regarded without apprehension. Education, valuable as it is, is not salvation; if it were, Greece had never died, nor Egypt, nor Babylon, nor Rome. India and China are at this day full of gorgeous philosophy. Throughout the former British schools have been established—schools equal to ours—and conferring upon large sections of the nation the arts, the literature, and the refinements of European civilization, but without its religion, and what has been the result? Intenser hatred of Christ and of Christians, a deeper degradation and a more awful, and scientific, and tiger-like cruelty. A man who speaks the languages of western Europe, has all the literature, the manners, and the elegancies of its most refined society, stands forth as a devil incarnate. I mean the Nana Sahib. We need but go to our own prisons to see similar examples. It is sin that destroys nations as well as individuals, and intelligence without piety is no remedy for sin. 'Ever since the fall the nations have been making experiments to govern men. Egypt tried idols; Greece science; Rome law and caste; Arabia superstition; India caste; China reverence for human relations; America is trying liberty. It is the grandest of all. Will it be successful? Least of all, unless the Church be true. Under this experiment all foes meet her freely. Idolatry, superstition, caste, atheism—foes that burned martyrs in former ages, foes that have burned martyrs in this. Caste and Mohammedanism have just reddened India with the blood of martyrs. Slavery and Mormonism correspond to them, and need but majorities to make martyrs here. Already the principles of our fathers are partially abandoned—the higher law, the law of God, is scouted in the senate; already has a doctrine obtained which gives the fullest scope to passion and prejudice where the foundations of new governments are laid; already has Sodom planted itself between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, around another Dead Sea, on the tableland whence the waters flow toward opposite oceans, while the brokerage of corruption in offices, acres, and revenues is carried on at the capitals, national and state, to a fearful extent. Should success go on in the future as in the past, what a terrible scene will ere long present itself—a desolation more fearful than earth has ever beheld, as much greater than that of the eternal city under

Sylla or of France under the Reign of Terror as that of revolutionary Rome or Paris exceeded that of the cities of the plain. Imagine Sodom and slavery extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and a lake of consuming fire between the two oceans. God hide us from the sight! I believe it will not come, because I believe in God, in truth, in virtue. When the enemy comes in like a flood the Almighty will lift up a standard against him, and under that standard shall go forth leaders full of immortal hope, who can refuse to be called the sons of party, choosing rather to suffer affliction with truth than to enjoy the profits of office for a season, esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the revenues of government, because they have "respect unto the recompense of the reward;" and they shall be followed by a noble band, who, through faith, shall, if need be, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, out of weakness grow strong, welcome tortures, and refuse deliverance that "they may obtain a better resurrection." Are you ready to enlist—count the cost before you write your names. Wiser, mightier men, bewildered by the looming entablatures of official mansions, have failed, and over them the weeping poet has sung,

"Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone, from those great eyes
The soul is fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The soul is dead."

Whether you enter Church or state, or dwell in retirement, if you lead a lofty life you will need the faith that brings it, because of eternal light upon the brow, blinding the eye to the mansions of earth and revealing the mansions of heaven.

When Pompeii was overwhelmed with a volcanic eruption the whole population in alarm ran hither and thither, some to the heights, some to the depths, some to the streets; but there was one man who was still!—the Roman sentinel. Neither the rending heavens, nor the trembling earth, nor the stream of burning lava pouring at his feet moved him from his post—there he was found a thousand years afterward, standing erect, clasping his arms just as his centurion placed him. Noble man! but you may be far nobler. He had to choose between death, the death of honor or the death of dishonor—he preferred the former. You may have to choose between the death of shame and the life of honor, and to be an honest man you may have to prefer the former. How can you do it unless your eye is fixed upon an

almighty Judge and an eternal life? I do not scorn inferior motives—affection, honor, patriotism. Regard them, value them, cherish them. Let lovely associations cluster around the image of your home, "bright forms of excellence attend the image of your country, and the pomp of sacred senates and the guardian voice of justice on her throne—and all that wakes the conscious bosom with a patriot's flame." But in addition to all this you need something more to make you feel that to die is a smaller evil than to betray your country. Without the reflection of an eternal world what is my country?—the land which gave me birth, food, and which will soon give me a grave? To give power and grandeur to the idea you must give immortality to man. In many respects we have the noblest country on which the sun looks down. Survey it not only in itself, but in its relations to the liberties and the religion of mankind, and it will be easy to die for it.

3. Finally, the doctrine of immortality qualifies the good man to sustain the bereavements of life. Here is a mansion embosomed in evergreens, surrounded by parks and flower-gardens, and over-looking a crystal lake; it is the abode of prosperity and peace. In the parlor sits a beautiful woman, in whom the charms of person, of intellect, and of virtue have blended to form a model of exalted womanhood. By her side sits the husband for whom in early life she formed an attachment that ripened gradually into love—a passion that has glowed in her heart ever since with a pure and steady flame—which has apologized for all his neglect and forgiven all his unkindness—even the long absence which well nigh crushed her spirit. At her feet play her two beautiful children. But in her breast is a disease which art can not hope to cure; it has come on slowly and insidiously. A slight cough has occasionally awakened her husband's alarm, which her flushed cheeks, her sparkling eye, and her relumed intellect have dissipated. But the conscientious medical adviser has said plainly, "You must die." She has struggled in solitude with the dreadful fact, and would communicate it to her husband, but how can she? "Time enough," she says, "when he shall watch through the dreary night for my last hour, or receiving my head upon his bosom, wipe the death-damp from my brow, or kneeling at my couch commend my departing spirit to God." As she lies sleepless, night after night, bathed in the perspiration that is wasting away her strength, what are her feelings! "Soon I must leave this beautiful world, this green earth, this fresh ocean, this glorious sky; I must leave this goodly mansion, and these flowery walks, and

fragrant woods; I must part with this husband by whose heart I nestle, whom I have never grieved without weeping and asking forgiveness, for whom I would willingly die, and whom I love more than I can love an angel of God. Soon I must receive your last kiss, and the last pressure of your hand, and the last communion of your loving spirit. I must part with my precious babes. God have mercy on the motherless! Death will seal up these eyes, and the cold steel will screw the coffin-lid upon these cheeks, and the mourners will attend the lifeless clay to the grave, and the green-sward will grow over my dust, and the cold marble will keep watch over my rest through the silent night. And shall this be my end? How could I bear the thought? No, I know in whom I have trusted; though I go down into the dark valley I will fear no evil. My dear ones! I ascend to my Father and to your Father, through Christ our Redeemer. As you walk the garden or sit at evening in the terrace, mourning my absence, or read my name upon some memento, and weep at the remembrance of me, think not that I am lost. I go before you, and shall await in heaven your coming."

Without such a hope how could the husband part with the dying wife; how take the last fond look; how release the cold hand of her whom he so long, and so tenderly, and so worthily loved! Would not his mind go out as the light of his life expired? He needs the words of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." It is this that enables us to bury our dead and love them still. "My little ones are gone," says the Christian father, "I shall see them here no more, but I shall see them yonder."

To lose a loving, intelligent, obedient first-born child is a trial that no one can imagine but him who endures it. Which of you has a father, who, if you were dying, would not be willing to covenant with God to endure shame and suffering—to go a beggar the rest of life—if thereby he might redeem you from the grave? He who loses his first-born knows what a broken heart is. And that broken heart can be healed only by the hope of immortality. Let him say in his faith, as the coffin is lowered, "That is not my child—only his forsaken garment—he himself is with God and his angels," and his tears are the tears of a subdued and peaceful man.

I know not what will be your course through life; but this I know, that into whatsoever city or country you enter, in whatever pursuit you may engage, afflictions, trials, and bereavements await you; but if you serve God and remain strong in the hope of immortality none of these things will

move you. You will sing those verses you have often sung before,

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!"

Alas! I have spoken as though you were to live long; but ere the names of professors shall be signed to your diplomas you may be numbered with the dead. On the roll of our triennial catalogue how many stars there are pointing to the tomb! We have but just come up from the grave of a sophomore, and the symbol of mourning has but just been untied from our breasts. Whether your pilgrimage be long or short let it be righteous.

THE OTHER SHORE.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

WHITE as the fair polish'd marble stone
Was the hue of that young girl's face;
In the wan cheek hid was a cankering bloom,
Yet the smile that lay on the thin lips shone
With the sweetness of angel grace.

And fainter each morning her low words came
Like the tones we might hear no more,
Telling how sweet through the hours of pain
Were the voices calling her own dear name,
Just away on the other shore—

Whispering how, through the lonely night,
She had been by a dark cold tide,
Whose sprays dash'd o'er her with chilling blight,
As wistful she gaz'd on the radiant light
Which illumined the other side—

Catching sweet glimpses of bright forms there,
Harping melodious strains;
And a shining one more divinely fair
O'er the wild waves glided, her soul to bear
To its home in those blissful plains.

'T is the noon of night, and the soft breeze sweeps
O'er the brow of that sleeping one,
And the June moon's feet through the lattice creeps,
Where the rose all fragrant looks in and weeps
That the lovely should die so soon.

I thought by her breathing and sobbing moan
She was down by that fearful strand,
Yet knew by the snatches of triumph-tone
That in crossing the flood she was not alone
On her way to the better land.

The early day spread his golden wings,
Death's shadow the silent room wore,
And our sad hearts mus'd on eternal things,
In the fadeless realm of the King of kings,
When she'd pass'd to the other shore.

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

NUMBER II.

ONE has said that the course of a great sorrow is commonplace enough—a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure—the struggle more or less vehement against the admittance of a truth that shows us our hopes are vain; there is the defeat, the victory, the brave effort, and at last the helpless surrender. With the rapidity of which thought only is capable all these seemed in those moments of horror to sway the heart of poor Ellen in that dreadful hour which revealed to her the pitiable degradation of her lover. She gazed on the humiliating spectacle without a word of reproach. Ah! in a sorrow like hers what words could be spoken but those of prayer, and in the bitter agony of her heart what could she utter but a prayer for resignation—"Lord, thou hast permitted that I meet this great sorrow, give me submission to thy will and strength to bear the stroke." Harry, unable to stand, had thrown himself on the sofa, and was soon unconscious in drunken sleep; and Ellen, throwing a cloak over him, left him to his repose, and retreated to her mother's room, where she watched and wept throughout that weary night. Toward morning she heard Harry leave the house. She had left a light burning, so that when he awoke he might know where he was. She knew by the steadiness of his step the effect of his drunkenness had passed away, but she would not meet him, and wondered what would be the character of their next meeting. Well might she wonder. Years passed by before they met again; for on the next night he left his home clandestinely, giving no clew as to his route, and merely stating in a note, addressed to his mother and Ellen, that, ashamed of his want of self-command, he had determined never again to appear in their presence till perfect master of himself, adding, "If I can conquer in the struggle I will return; if not, you shall never hear from me. I could not bear that those so dear to me should share my degradation." No one had seen Harry in his debased condition on the evening before, and great was the wonder occasioned by his sudden disappearance, and the brave-hearted Ellen kept her secret most faithfully. The real cause of his flight was not suspected, although many conjectures were formed, among which the one most approved was that, finding Ellen likely to be peniless, Harry Newton had wisely chosen to keep his neck out of the noose of matrimony, since nothing was to be gained by entering it. There

are griefs too great for words, and fountains of bitterness lie often too deeply hidden in the heart for their existence to be suspected. Did not the dimmed eye and fading cheek tell of the blighting influence it exerts upon the life? Still it is astonishing what a weight of heart-sickness can be borne even by the weak in soul and body before the final ruin is accomplished; and Ellen Lewis, although sorely stricken, was of too strong a nature to yield to a despair that would unfit her for duty to herself and others. With elements of character far above the common standard, but as yet undeveloped, and a frame nerved by the constant and healthful occupations of a simple and useful life, she was not prepared to lie down in utter exhaustion when there was still duty to perform. And she had a sacred one; namely, the ministrations of a daughter to a suffering mother, who now depended on her alone for comfort, and who, helpless, powerless, and reversing the relation in which nature had placed them, looked to her child as the guardian angel who stood between her and the discomforts and painful trials of her present life. And so Ellen, although she felt her lover's degradation as her own, and wept bitter tears none were nigh to witness, pursued her usual occupations quietly and calmly, her pale cheek and wasted form alone giving evidence that any thing had occurred to disturb the usual current of her life. But only those who have known such a struggle can tell what it costs to the disappointed soul—the heavy weariness, the aching resignation, with which duty is performed when life is robbed of its brightness and its beauty, and the sufferer is obliged to close up "memory in the heart's inmost temple, where it lives and dwells forever;" and this the world calls "recovery." Ellen had believed herself a sufferer because her step-father's harshness had clouded her life with misery. She believed herself a Christian, because with her mother she had tried to reconcile herself to her lot, and bear it submissively, since such "was the will of Heaven." But hope, illumining the distance, aided much in producing this submission. The case was different now—nothing to look forward to—the idol broken and the world darkened, a new light began to shine on her path of life, and the hushed spirit to experience that "it is not the all of life to live." Blessed was it for her that the still small whisper found its way to her soul. When the fiercer portion of the tempter had passed away she prayed for strength to do her duty, and strength was given. Misfortunes, it is said, never come singly, and in poor Ellen's case the truth seemed to be exemplified; for after the great shock of Harry's departure calamity after

calamity followed each other so speedily that there was scarcely a breathing-place between. But "sorrows are the pulses of spiritual life, after each beat pausing only that we may gather strength for the next;" and Ellen was destined to experience not only sore trials, but their accompanying blessing. By tears and painful griefs she was brought to a thorough understanding of things not earthly, and to receive a wisdom which more than recompenses for all the painful experience through which its precious lessons are taught. Matters grew every day worse and worse with her step-father, who, finding he could not make money as fast as he wished by the farm, engaged in a vast speculation that resulted in utter ruin. This had been foreseen by many, and the cloud, which had so long been gathering, at last burst; and two years after the departure of Harry the family were obliged to leave the home so long considered their own. Elliot's own farm was sold under the hammer, and the Lewis homestead, in which Mrs. Elliot had made over her life interest to her husband, passed also into the hands of strangers. Farmer Elliot, rude and unkind as he was, could not be called an indolent man, and, once priding himself on being considered the richest man in the neighborhood, had too much of that pride left to think of working as a day-laborer, or sending his sons to burn coal-pits in the mountain. He rented a farm, if a few acres of barren land lately cleared from mountain wildness could be called so, which, at a distance from his former home, and lying on the bank of the Susquehanna, and close to a fishery, promised, he thought, something better than working day's work—as in spring-time the boys could help draw the seines, and shad-fishing at that time was very profitable.

The sales—heart-rending to tell them all—were over; the day of departure came, and, strange to tell, of the whole party, Mrs. Elliot, the weak invalid, was perhaps the most composed. There are powers within every one of which the owner is not conscious till some emergency requiring their exercise arouses them into activity, and such was now the case with Mrs. Elliot. She was not without a strong sense of maternal feeling; and not insensible to the wrong she had done her daughter by her imprudent marriage, she resolved to exert herself, and by aiding in the household lighten the labor which must necessarily devolve on Ellen.

The little farm lay at the foot of the mountain, at a point where it seems as though the waters of the Susquehanna, wild and rough at this place, had forced a passage for itself by washing away a part of the ridge, for on the other side the chain

was continuous. The beauty and grandeur of the Blue Ridge is too well known to need a description. In winter a scene of shapeless cliffs, over which tall pines, clothed in their permanent but somber livery, keep faithful watch; they are dreary enough, but in summer, when their rugged outline is half hidden by the bright foliage of the birch and chestnut—except where some ruder masses tower grandly, refusing all adornment from tree or flower—the scene, although more beautiful, is not less sublime. The house, built of logs and mortar, with its few surrounding fields, mostly hedged with blackberry and sumach bushes, lay on the low and narrow bank of the river in seemingly dangerous proximity to it in time of the winter floods. There were no neighbors—except on the opposite side of the river—within a mile, and the place was as wild and lonely as may well be imagined; but, evidence of the kindness that accords to none unmitigated misery, there were gleams of comfort even here. As might be supposed, farmer Elliot's temper did not improve, particularly as his friendship for the black jug increased and the effect of his potations began to be painfully visible; but the change in her half hypochondriac mother was calculated to cheer poor Ellen considerably, and Tom, the farmer's youngest son, proved a real solace to both. Tom was a perfect contrast to his father and brother, both in looks and disposition; with a countenance delicate and thoughtful, and glossy, fair hair, none could have imagined that kindred blood warmed the hearts of red-headed Bob and himself. He had never been a favorite with his father and brother—the first deemed him "chicken-hearted," the latter scorned him because he was "too tame to take and risk;" and, although he joined cheerfully in all the rough work of the farm and fishery, he received no credit from either, who nicknamed him the schoolmaster, because he loved books better than the plow. Bob went on in the old way, drinking constantly, but as a seasoned vessel was never made useless by his potations; he was perhaps happier for the change in their home, for the low association found at the fishery was altogether to his taste.

There is little variety attends a life like that Ellen now lived; the events of one day were the events of all—the various turns of the weather, the alterations of the seasons, the successions of seed-time and harvest were the only changes in that monotonous life, and she was not sorry at being deprived of all youthful companionship. She pitied Tom, who, like herself, seemed shut out from human sympathy; and, as she took more interest in him and wondered at the good which greatly predominated over the evil in his nature

she learned to love him as a brother. Harry had never been heard of; the family believed him dead, and he was forgotten by all save Ellen, who cherished his memory in her heart's most secret shrine. Thus years passed away—each one striking its monotonous but peculiar cadence on the ascending "scale of life;" and, although to Ellen the sounds were sad and solemn, they brought calmness and soothing. The beauty of her world had been eclipsed early, but the shadow, dark, very dark at first, had been succeeded by a soft and chastened light, by which she had progressed more surely on her way to heaven than when dazzled and led astray by the deceitful glare of worldly prosperity. She had met the shock which overwhelms many, and survived the wreck of earthly joy, and lived on an example of what a brave-hearted woman can do when in resolving to bear she also conquers her fate. She found her comfort now in living for the good and ministering to the comfort of others. Was she to be rewarded, or was her life to be a continued sacrifice? The sequel must tell. A year of scarcity came on, and the general pressure was not unfelt by the mountain family. They carried their vegetables, corn, and wild fruits to market, indeed, where they found ready sale, but the road was long, toilsome, and hazardous, for the river, a mile wide, and the ferry rough, had to be crossed in an open skiff. They made, however, little account of this, for farmer Elliot and Bob crossed frequently, even in stormy weather, to the hamlet at the opposite side, to discuss the affairs of the nation with the rustic politicians. The winter came on unusually severe, and the cold was biting and sharp like that of a Siberian climate. The morning had risen in clouds and threatened an additional covering of snow to that already shrouding the earth, and by noon it came down like a flood. It did not continue to snow very long, for it was too cold; and although the fine particles were circling about in all directions, it was only as it was drifted up from the earth or driven down from the mountains by the wind, that whirled in roaring eddies, and threatened to overturn the toppling rocks that had for so long resisted its fury. The ice had partially closed up the river; the only channel now open through which a boat might steer was the narrow passage of rougher water directly in front of the house, which was at no time considered a very safe ferry, and now, with the ice forming a bridge over the whole river, was particularly dangerous. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, or that the snow drifting so furiously forward was almost blinding, and the ice, driving about in masses like little islands, was threatening to choke

up the only open passage for a boat, farmer Elliot expressed his determination to cross the river. In vain Ellen and her mother tried to dissuade him. No, go he would; Tom and Bob must carry the marketing to town, and he would remain at the hamlet till evening, when they would return and help him row the skiff. This being his determination he prepared his boat, by putting in the marketing, some empty bags, and a well-filled black jug, as well as an empty one. Tom did not want to go, and begged to be left behind, but his stern father bade him leave off his whining and get into the boat. Nor would he listen to any entreaty from Ellen in his behalf. Tom had to go, and Ellen returned to the house to wait upon her mother again, confined to her bed by rheumatism. Occupied in attending to her as well as engaged in domestic duties, two hours had elapsed before she looked out on the wintry scene, now truly appalling. The wind still howled dismally and hoarsely as in its wild career it swept the snow through every aperture in the dwelling, and the occasional crash of a towering pine that refused to bend to its force, startled the two lonely inmates, and added to the apprehensions which already oppressed them. But Ellen, what were her emotions, when on looking from the window she saw the boat still in the middle of the river, stationary, and seemingly unable to be forced through the ice that was rapidly inclosing it! Horror seized upon her, as, careless of herself and the bitter cold, she ran out upon the bank and screamed to them, she scarce knew what, for was not death to them inevitable? They were past the middle of the river, and were still endeavoring to row, breaking the ice with their oars. A crowd had gathered on the opposite shore, and by shouts were encouraging them to try to proceed. This was all they could do, for no boat could be forced through the ice, and no alternative remained for those in the skiff but to urge their way through or leap out on the rapidly-forming ice-field, which last was their only chance for life. This farmer Elliot would not do. Ellen saw him with an energy lent by despair use his utmost efforts to move the skiff; his sons assisted, but in vain did they thus battle for their lives. The conquering arm of winter prevailed and the boat remained immovable—a black speck plainly and painfully visible on that vast plain of ice, with the dark wing of the angel of death hovering over it. With an agony not to be described she saw Bob raise the black jug to his lips, take a long draught, and then sit down as if determined to give up the useless contest. Tom and his father still persevered, but without success; but her anguish was not at its height till she saw farmer

Elliot throw down his pole, take up the jug, and, after drinking deeply from it, lay himself down in the bottom of the boat to take the treacherous sleep from which he was never to awake. Tom tried to rouse them, but, finding it vain, he was seen to cover them with the bags. And now what was to become of him, the delicate and fragile boy whom they deemed cowardly, and called chicken-hearted? The shouts from the shore were redoubled. "Jump out! jump out!" met the ear of Ellen, rendered vividly acute by her anxiety. She saw him spring from the boat; the loose mass of ice sunk under his weight, and for a moment he half disappeared. But there—he once more stood erect, and, collecting all his strength for a desperate struggle, he leaped from one block of ice to another—a movement attended with infinite peril—till at length he reached the shore, where he was welcomed with a shout of joy, which found an echo in Ellen's heart. Nothing could be done for those who were sleeping in the boat, and our heroine, chilled and exhausted, returned to the house, where, with her usual consideration, she spared her mother the frightful detail of what she had witnessed. Time enough for her to learn the terrible truth when it should be fully ascertained. But she sat all night strangely calm and alone, looking from the cottage window out upon the river, where, by the light of the moon, for the storm passing away she came forth in mild radiance and illumined the wintry waste, she could discern the little black speck, so plainly visible by its contrast to the white plain which surrounded it, watching like Rizpah in unbroken solitude over the dead.

Little remains to be told, although we might spin out our story to a great length by telling of the prosperity that gradually succeeded to the events of this miserable night—how, when the ice became sufficiently strong to bear the weight of men, the bodies were brought home and buried; that Mrs. Elliot bore the stroke with more fortitude than was expected; and that Tom, although suffering all winter, ultimately recovered; but, too lame to do work as a farmer, he was educated by a friend who appeared unexpectedly, and, passing through his studies with honor, became a respectable lawyer in the west.

But Ellen, we will say a little more about her before taking leave of the reader. Her trials had been sore, but they had operated with a salutary influence on her character. From suffering herself she had learned to pity and do good to others. But the same Hand that had so sorely smitten had mercies in store for her—mercies of which she had never dreamed. Sitting one day with Tom, whom she nursed with a sister's care, on a rock

by the river side, where she had led him, he bade her notice a tall stranger who was approaching. One look was sufficient—for the heart keeps its own record; and starting up, advanced a few paces, exclaiming as she did so, "It is Harry, it can be no other!" And it was Harry returned, as handsome and looking almost as young as ever—for the unmistakable hue given by strict temperance habits told no longer a slave to excess. He had been to the land where gold is found, and returned wealthy; and so the old Lewis farm was redeemed from the mortgages; and, desiring nothing better than could be found at the dear old homestead, they went back there to begin a new phase of life. Ellen did not forsake Tom, and, still cherishing kindly feelings toward the poor boy, was glad to find Harry willing to assist him with means to get an education.

"I could not face you after being guilty of such a breach of promise, Ellen, and after you had seen me in such a beastly state," said Harry one day when she had laughingly reproached him for running away. "I found *total abstinence* to be the only safeguard, and I have *never* tasted spirits since. So you need have no fears that I will ever relapse, for years have proved my strength." Nor indeed did he ever give her cause for uneasiness, for her after life was as prosperous and happy as in her early years it was adverse. Still her views of life remained different from what they had been before she passed through such stern trials, for she estimated all things by another rule than formerly. By faith she looked into the "unseen;" and, although her lately-aching and desperate heart was once more filled with fresh affections, and her life became one of joyous gladness, she never forgot that all "earthly bliss is transient," and founded all her right for rejoicing in a hope that never maketh ashamed.

EXACT TRUTHFULNESS.

It is smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth to deal with men of loose and imperfect perception and careless statements. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said, "If the child says he looked out of this window, when he looked out of that—whip him." And many a grown-up person should be whipped till this kind of falsehood is beaten out of him. Delight in accuracy of perception, and truthfulness, in all the details of statement, should be constantly and sedulously inculcated as some of the most valuable elements of education and character.

YOU AND I.

BY HATTIE E. BENEDICT.

We were dearest friends together,
 You and I,
 In the golden autumn weather
 Long gone by—
 When the spring, with bud and blossom,
 Strewed the green earth's quiet bosom,
 And the summer sunlight shining—
 Ah! those memories round me twining
 Wake a sigh.

We were blest in childhood's hours,
 You and I—
 Ah! how glowing were its flowers,
 Blue its sky—
 Every breeze around us playing,
 Like an air from Eden straying;
 Every hope so brightly beaming—
 But their wild and sunny gleaming
 Hath gone by.

We are hand in hand together,
 You and I—
 In this quiet summer weather,
 'Neath the sky—
 And the star-eyes o'er us glisten
 As you speak, and bend to listen;
 Yet amid our merry laughter,
 And our dreams of the hereafter,
 Still I sigh.

'Tis not that the hopes we cherished,
 You and I,
 With those morning hours have perished—
 Fleeted by;
 For their early radiant splendor
 Is more deep, more true and tender,
 And our dreams of the ideal
 Are, though mingled with the real,
 Pure and high.

But to us, that world of brightness,
 You and I,
 With its freshness and its lightness,
 Hath gone by;
 And, though sister still, and brother,
 Yet each knoweth of the other
 That a change in word and feeling,
 Every hour itself revealing,
 Wakes a sigh.

Parted are the paths we're treading,
 You and I—
 Flowers their fragrance round us shedding,
 Blue our sky;
 And when warm life's sun is glowing,
 Twilight winds around us, blowing
 From the past, a haunted wildwood,
 The sweet hours of our childhood
 Will bring nigh.

We shall walk no more together,
 You and I,
 With free footsteps o'er the heather,
 'Neath the sky.
 Precious friend, life's blessings around thee,
 With a flowery wreath have crowned thee,

And at last—O, ne'er to sever!—
 May we live in heaven forever,
 You and I!

NOT IN VAIN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

ONE of last spring's resplendent eves,
 I stood amid the buds and leaves,
 Beneath the forest's sun-bright eaves.

My heart was filled with vast regrets,
 My eyes with drops that woe begets,
 My hands with wild white violets.

The beauty all around me spread
 Seemed mocking, and unreal, and dead;
 I loathed the sunset's gold and red.

The wood-bird's ringing vesper strain
 Dropped like a torture on my brain—
 It did so taunt me with my pain.

E'en these white blossoms, pure and sweet,
 In delicate beauty so complete,
 To my sick heart seemed most unmeet.

I gave the waxen flowers a toss
 Upon a rock, whose veined moss
 By the slant sun was streaked across.

And, filled with bitterness unjust,
 "Lie there," I said, "and turn to dust,
 As all life's hopes and wishes must

Lie there and die, an emblem meet
 Of hopes as innocent and sweet,
 And dreams as fair, and still more fleet.

Fade, fade away, in sun and rain!
 Like life's young visions, glorious, vain,
 That pass and never come again."

While these impatient words I said,
 Reproachfully, far overhead,
 Burned the rich sunset's gold and red.

To-day I sought the woods again;
 October's glory decked the plain—
 I had not quite outworn my pain.

But in my soul this autumn morn
 Was Patience, of Endurance born,
 And Courage, won from doubt and scorn,
 And Faith, the Future's pledge and bond,
 Not of this world too weakly fond
 To look into the vast beyond.

I passed the liethen rock, and lo!
 A crevice in its top, ablow
 With violets as white as snow!

Some germ from those decaying sprays
 Had quickened in the summer rays,
 And blossomed in the autumn days.

And then I saw that not in vain
 God giveth his children pain,
 And tears that fall like summer rain;

That not an earthly hope that dies,
 But drops some germ that will arise
 In bloom before our wondering eyes.

And in the light of heaven's sphere
 God's boundless love will be made clear
 So dimly comprehended here.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

NUMBER IV.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

THERE are few practical questions which perplex me more than whether a professed Christian may marry one who does not give evidence of conversion. Of course extreme cases may be decided without difficulty or hesitation. The believer who should take a partner of openly-irreligious or immoral character, would violate both Scripture and the instincts of the religious life. But these extreme cases seldom arise, and the question is more frequently raised in a modified form. The cases which have commonly come before me, and in which I have felt difficulty, have been where a member of the Church has had her affections engaged by a young man of unexceptionable moral character, and who, during the period of courtship at least, has paid respect to the outward observances of religion. Those who take the strict and rigid view of the matter urge the express prohibition of Scripture; as, for instance, the passage in the first and second Epistle to the Corinthians. But this appeal has not struck me as quite decisive, for several reasons; the following among others. The state of society and the relationship between the Church and the world are very different now to those which existed in the apostle's days. By "unbelievers" are meant not nominal Christians, but Jews or heathen. The language would still apply in all its force to converts from Hindooism or Mohammedanism, and to cases where one of the parties is utterly ungodly or immoral. But I can not see that the law quite applies with exactly the same stringency and universality in the instances I now speak of. Besides which, the passage generally insisted upon—"Be not unequally yoked"—has no special reference to marriage, but refers to partnership in business with as much force as to the conjugal relation. Marriage is, of course, included, but other relationships are not excluded, and it often happens that those who insist upon the observance of this law in one direction are living in violation of it in another. I am, however, bound to confess that for one marriage of the sort which turns out well, I have known a score the reverse. My own observation has been decidedly unfavorable to the formation of such unions; and, without going the length of saying that they are in all cases sinful, I am sure that, as a rule, they are most undesirable. One instance may serve to illustrate this. I select it not because it contains any thing remarkable, but

for the very opposite reason; it is a history so commonplace and so often repeated, that it will be more universally applicable than one of a more romantic kind.

Jane Shafton was left a portionless orphan at an early age, with no near relative but an old aunt, Miss Priscilla Upshaw, who possessed a moderate competency arising from an annuity which ceased with her life. Jane was a fine, high-spirited girl, full of frolic, and with talents of no common order. Her aunt was a good and pious woman, but very prim, precise, and narrow. She tried to do her duty to the poor friendless orphan thus thrown upon her; but having lived alone for nearly twenty years, with no companions save a parrot and a cat, and reading little or nothing save the writings of Mrs. Rowe, Dr. Johnson, and Hannah More, it may be easily conjectured that she was not the fittest person in the world to take charge of a young girl. Her theory of education was to check any outburst of natural vivacity, and to make her charge as prim and precise as herself. The poor child used to stand for two or three hours a day in a constrained posture, in a back-board and stocks—instruments of torture used in my young days, to turn the toes out and the shoulder-blades in—till ease and freedom of movement were almost destroyed, in order to produce that artificial deformity called beauty. Back-board and stocks were applied to the mind as rigorously as to the body. But all was vain; mind and body both had too much spring and elasticity to be permanently twisted out of shape, and Jane Shafton grew up a charming young woman. She was quite sufficiently conscious of her own merits, and her proud spirit could ill bear the constant reproofs which her aunt felt it her duty to administer. It was, therefore, a mutual relief when both parties agreed that she was old enough to take a situation.

It was soon after this that I first knew her. Some kind-hearted but purse-proud people in my congregation engaged her as governess for their children. They treated her kindly on the whole, but could not at all understand her sensitive feelings. They paid her well for her services, and she was their servant. That, in their view, was the whole of the relationship between them. Sometimes they made her a present to mark their approval of her conduct; but it was done in so patronizing a manner that she was wounded rather than cheered by it. Her proud spirit chafed at being thus made to feel her dependent position. At the same time the sense of her utter orphanage and loneliness was forced upon her. She saw the children clinging to their

parents and to one another in mutual affection, while she must stand and look on from outside the charmed circle. No family enrolled her among its members, no heart throbbed with love for her, to no arms could she fly for refuge, upon no breast could she weep out her troubles. Her passionate yearning for affection and sympathy sometimes amounted almost to agony. Many a night did she sob herself to sleep as she thought of her utter loneliness and solitude. She told me that she has sometimes stretched out her arms into the darkness, and convulsively called on her never-forgotten mother to come and comfort her. In this utter darkness of the soul she began to turn toward the Savior; for as yet she knew him not. Her aunt's teaching seemed so dry and cold that it had failed to attract her. But she remembered a death-bed, where a dying mother had told her of the sympathy of Jesus, and had solemnly besought her to take him as her friend. To these words she had hitherto attached little meaning, but now they spoke to her heart with strange power, and as she pondered them night after night her mother's voice seemed again to be heard; and when she fell asleep, revolving them in her mind, that beloved form would often seem to smile upon her in her dreams.

I noticed an alteration in her manner about this time, and was much struck with the intense and eager attention with which she began to listen, especially when I spoke of the sympathy of Christ. Soon afterward she was joyfully led to Jesus. From this time the change in her whole spirit and deportment was most marked. The proud, haughty reserve in which she had hitherto intrenched herself was broken down. Fits of deep depression or of sullen silence no longer annoyed and perplexed the family with which she lived. Her character, softened, refined, and elevated by religion, endeared her to them. They had always esteemed, and now began to love her. She, too, on her part discovered excellences in them she had never dreamed of before, and what had previously been merely a *situation* now became a *home*.

Soon after this, the son of some members of the Church returned from abroad. He was a fine, handsome young fellow; had been gay, and had caused his parents much anxiety, but for some time had been more serious, and gave promise of settling down into a steady and respectable man. He met Miss Shafton at my house one evening; he was much struck with her, and in a few days it began to be whispered about that he was paying her marked attention. His parents encouraged the suit; for though their son would have a

good fortune, while the poor orphan was penniless, they felt that she would probably be the means of confirming his good resolutions, and leading him to the Savior. She was admirably suited for him. How far it would be for her happiness I was not so sure, but stood almost alone in having any doubt about it. Her aunt and the family with whom she lived were delighted at the prospect. She, however, gave him little encouragement, and when he made her a formal offer, she replied that she could not accept it at once, and begged a week before she gave him her answer. He was passionately in love with her, and could not endure the suspense. But she was firm, and he had no alternative but to submit. She came to consult me, and I have rarely been placed in a position of greater difficulty. If I advised her to refuse him, I made myself responsible for inducing a homeless, friendless, portionless orphan to forego a devoted husband, and a most advantageous settlement in life. The hesitation she had already displayed had greatly annoyed her aunt and the family with whom she lived. If she declined his offer, it would be impossible for her to remain in her present situation, such was the intimacy between the families; and her aunt would be so incensed as to refuse her a home. She would thus deprive herself at one blow of the only friends she had in the world. In case her health should fail, what could she do under the circumstances? Then, too, the prospects of her suitor and the hopes of his parents seemed to hang trembling on her decision. If it should be adverse, would he not be consigned to irretrievable ruin? This, at least, was the feeling of his friends who dreaded the result of a disappointment upon him.

How was I to advise in such a case? It is easy enough to say that if the thing is wrong in principle it ought to be opposed in all cases. Perhaps it was the weakness of my faith which prevented my saying this. Perhaps I ought to have remembered that "wrong never comes right"—that, while obeying God, she was not friendless or portionless; and that a simple, unquestioning, unhesitating obedience to his commands would certainly prove in the end the wisest course. I am not sure whether I did not show a want of fidelity and courage in my interview with her. I fear I was in fault. But when I found that her affections were deeply engaged to him, I could not force myself to urge her to a refusal, and, though I did not advise her to an acceptance of the offer, yet my bias in its favor was pretty evident.

"Say ye, severest, what would you have done?"

I contented myself with beseeching her to be watchful of her own heart, to beware of declension in the divine life, and to make the conversion of her husband her great aim. As there were no reasons for delay, the marriage speedily took place, and Jane Shafton became Mrs. Henry Gerard.

For the first two or three months after marriage all went on as usual. They attended the services together, as they had been accustomed to do during their brief courtship, and no cloud cast its shadow over their happiness. She had been so unused to affection—the luxury of loving and being loved was so new to her, that she complained of being too happy. She cherished the hope, too, that her husband was seeking Christ. But his attendance at the week-night meetings grew less regular, and then ceased altogether. Soon after this he grew less observant of the Lord's day. Indisposition, or fatigue, or the state of the weather, often prevented his attendance at more than one of the services; and business, which I suspected to be arranged for the purpose, frequently occasioned his absence from home on the Sabbath. It became only too evident that the interest in religion, which love to his wife had caused him to feel or to affect, was rapidly passing away, and that its very forms were growing irksome to him. Though she never spoke of this to any one, she deeply felt it. A look of sadness crept over her, and as, time after time, she came to the chapel alone, it was easy to see that she had been weeping.

It is inevitable that a process of assimilation should go on, for better or worse, between the husband and the wife. The nobler nature of the two either elevates the baser, or is dragged down by it. The doctrine of the mesmerists, that a balance of the vital forces is established between those who are placed *en rapport* with another, is, to a certain extent, true in spiritual affairs. So the young wife, having failed to lift up her husband to her own level, began to sink toward his. Her attendance became less regular, her interest less deep. Having convinced myself that this was not merely fancy on my part, I spoke with her. In reply, she urged the increasing claims of home on her attention, and pleaded the impossibility of fulfilling her duties as wife and mistress if she were constantly engaged in religious services. I continued the conversation a little longer, and at last she burst into tears, and confessed that her husband could not bear her leaving him in the evening to take part in any religious engagement, and that in order to remove his dissatisfaction she had promised to be less fre-

quently absent from him. I afterward found that he had taunted her with her fondness for spending her evenings from home, had charged her with neglecting him and her household duties, and had imputed the blame to religion. Was she right or wrong in yielding to his wishes, and in endeavoring to remove the stumbling-block out of his way? I hardly know. It is one of those insoluble difficulties—one of those painful compromises which are inevitable to those who are "unequally yoked."

The habit of regular attendance on the means of grace having been broken through, she became less and less constant. From being present at only one service in the week, she gradually came to attend neither. Some trifling hinderance, which might have easily been brushed aside, was allowed to intervene, and at last the weekly services were altogether forgotten. Of course a corresponding declension of the divine life was the result. When the whole week is spent in forgetfulness of God, the Sabbath must lose much of its power to bless. My words of affectionate warning and reproof began to be taken in a less kindly spirit, and at last they were so resented that I judged it better to discontinue them.

About a year and a half after marriage she became a mother. I had great hopes that this event might recall her to her "first love." It seemed for a while to have this result, but the influence of her husband counteracted it, and after a time she relapsed into her former state of declension. Soon another child was born; and I wrote her an earnest, affectionate letter, pointing out the sad and dangerous course upon which she had entered. I warned her of the inevitable result of this career of apostasy in heart, and implored her, for the sake of her children, to remember from whence she had fallen, and to repent and do her first works. To this letter I received no answer; but the next time we met, her eyes filled with tears, she was unable to speak, and turned away. For some months I watched with intense anxiety the struggle which was evidently going on within, but little thought of the mode in which it was to be brought to an issue.

One cold, cheerless November morning I received a message, requesting me to go to Mrs. Gerard's as soon after breakfast as I could. Of course I did not lose a moment. On reaching the house I was startled to see the blinds down, and learned from the servant who admitted me that the eldest child had died of croup in the night, and that baby was so ill that it could scarcely live through the day. "Missis is in an awful way," added the girl; "we are afraid

she'll go out of her mind. She says it's God's curse upon her." After waiting a short time, the physician in attendance came to me, and said that he had just succeeded in drawing the poor mother from the room in which the youngest child lay at the point of death. He thought that a few words of prayer might tend to soothe and tranquilize her, and thus prepare her to receive the second blow, which, he said, must fall in the course of an hour or two. I at once went to her. The storm of grief had for the time exhausted itself. She refused at first, however, to kneel in prayer, saying that prayer was not for her, but a life of hopeless remorse and despair. At length she yielded, and I prayed with intense earnestness that God, the all-merciful Father, would have pity upon her. She rose from her knees, calmed and strengthened to bear what still awaited her. O, blessed consolation to the sore and troubled heart! What solace prayer can give! Without it we were "of all men most miserable."

Though warned of the dangerous condition of her youngest child, she had not admitted the possibility of it, too, being taken from her, till it lay at the very last gasp. Her grief then became frightful. As the conviction that her husband was not worthy of her love had been slowly forcing itself upon her mind, her whole being had seemed to concentrate itself in her two babies. I had sometimes trembled for her, as I noticed her idolatrous attachment to them. And within twelve hours both were taken from her! What wonder, that for some days reason tottered upon its throne, and that she trembled upon the verge of insanity! Her husband, who was from home at the time, hastened to return, and I only do him justice in saying that he did all in his power to mitigate her grief, and lavished upon her the most affectionate attention. But this terrible trial rendered the gulf between them the more obvious. He felt the blow very painfully, for he was an affectionate father; but, as a voice from God, he could not understand it. With his purely-human feelings no divine element blended. With her, however, the case was altogether different. She regarded it as a direct judgment of God upon her. She felt that she had sinned, first, in marrying an unconverted person, and, secondly, in neglecting religion in conformity with his wishes. It was this which made the cup so bitter, and yet he not only could not assuage its bitterness, but she could not even tell him of its existence. I draw a veil over my interviews with her. They were most painful; for nothing could shake her conviction that the death of her children was the

immediate punishment of her sins. Failing to "pluck from her heart this rooted sorrow," I endeavored somewhat more successfully to turn her affliction to some useful purpose. By slow degrees she found peace in believing. Humbled by experience of her own feebleness, chastened by sorrow, and drawn nearer to heaven by the belief that her two little ones were awaiting her there, she became one of the most eminent Christians it has ever been my privilege to know.

Her earthly trials, however, were not yet at an end. Her husband's distaste for religion grew only more and more confirmed; and as his gentle, loving wife, so ready to yield in every thing else, was now firm and uncompromising where Christian principle was involved, his home grew wearisome to him, and he began to seek his pleasures elsewhere. Not that he was ever unkind to her, but the gulf between them widened as their habits of feeling and of life receded farther and farther from one another. In a few years three more children were born to them. It was very touching to see the wistful tenderness with which she watched over them, and to hear her speak to them of their brother and sister in heaven, which she did so constantly and familiarly, that they were still regarded as members of the family for a little while absent from the rest. I never felt the full force of Wordsworth's exquisite ballad, "We are Seven," till in reply to an inquiry as to how many children she had living, I once heard her answer, "Five—three on earth, two in heaven."

For some time we had noticed a growing spirituality and heavenliness of temper about her; an indefinable something which occasionally precedes the death of a Christian, as though the feelings of heaven were already anticipated on earth. It was thus with her; there was a sweetness, a tranquil happiness, a deep and perfect peace about her which forced itself on the notice of the most unobservant. It therefore excited no surprise when the physician, whom I met there on that mournful morning, said to me one day, that he had been called in to see Mrs. Gerard, and that he thought she would sink fast. So it proved. I had very shortly afterward to stand by her dying bed. Across her peaceful countenance there would now and then pass an expression of pain almost amounting to agony. Her husband was rocking to and fro at the foot of the bed, convulsed with grief; the eldest girl, just old enough to understand the loss she was about to undergo, was sobbing as if her heart would break; the two younger ones were looking on with silent wonder at the scene. I had just offered prayer on her behalf, when she seemed

suddenly endowed with supernatural strength; for slightly raising her head from the pillow, she beckoned her husband to her, and said with a firm, clear voice, though every word was tremulous with emotion, "Henry, love, we are about to part. Only one thought imbitters my joy in the hope of speedily meeting our two dear ones in heaven. Perhaps *our* parting is a final and eternal one. Perhaps, too, you will fail to train up our children to follow me to immortal life. Promise me, before I die, that *my* Bible shall always lie on your dressing-table, and that every morning you will read a few verses. Promise me, too, that you will try to pray for help to seek salvation. And for these dear children, remember my dying prayer to you is that you will only intrust them into the hands of those who will make their salvation the first and principal thing." That these promises were given with intense feeling I need not say. I wish I could add that they sufficed to dissipate the painful expression which still lingered upon her face. It was hard to leave an unconverted husband and three young children behind. She had prayed for them often and long, in hope, yet without confidence, of their salvation. She must now depart. And so she fell asleep in Jesus, her last words being prayer on their behalf.

Since then several years have passed. Already some of her supplications have borne fruit. The two elder children have grown up in the fear of the Lord, and are now members of the Church. The youngest is a lovely girl of great promise. The husband, still a widower, cherishes most fondly the memory of his departed wife; mourns his own want of appreciation of her while she lived; and though I can not speak of him as a converted man, I believe I shall do so before he dies. May her repeated prayers on his behalf find a speedy answer!

In this "ow'er true tale" I have so altered the names and circumstances as to prevent the recognition of the individuals; but I believe that I have accurately and truthfully delineated the experience of one who was "unequally yoked."

PERSEVERING EFFORT.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

FAREWELL! O, farewell to the friends I am leaving!
Whose love is the sunlight that gladdens my days;
The world, with its hoarse voice, is calling me from them,
Alone I must tread its most dangerous ways.

The ways where our Father hath led me are dreary,
He grants me no spot where at home I may dwell;
He tears me from arms that would gladly retain me,
And renders my waymark and watchword "farewell."

"Farewell, O, farewell!" I have smiled as I said it,
While pain like a vulture was tearing my heart,
And a cold desolation infolded my spirit,
As, choking with tears, I have turned to depart.

O, Father! my Father! go with me and guide me;
Alone, *all alone* and in darkness and tears,
I have trod life's rough ways through temptation and danger,
Yet still have I found thee more kind than my fears.

Then, Father, my Father, O, still mayst thou guide me!
I trust in thy mercy, I lean on thy love;
Tho' all hope play me false or whatever betide me,
O, grant me a home 'mid my loved ones above!

COMFORTED OF THE LORD.

BY M. A. BIGELOW.

"Like as a mother comforteth her children so the Lord comforteth them that fear him."

ONCE my child awoke in fright,
In the dark and silent night;
Wakened by a fearful dream,
Wild and startling was that scream.

Quick into my arms she sprang,
And around my neck she clung,
And I soothed her in my arms,
Quieting her wild alarms.

Very softly did I speak,
Kissing oft her tender cheek,
Till a calmness o'er her crept,
And again she sweetly slept.

Thus to thee, O God, I fly,
When I fear some danger nigh,
Thus upon thy loving breast
Would my troubled spirit rest.

AUTHORS.

BY J. A. RICHEY.

INSTEAD of their alliterations,
Instead of their abbreviations,
Instead of their mad invocations;
O! would they give us explanations
Of their paltry mystifications,
They'd put us under obligations,
And, in return,
We'd cease to burn
The words of their aspirations.

THE RELATIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH TO IRELAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. M. LEAVITT.

IRELAND has a place in the heart. Her very name touches the springs of feeling. With Germany we associate erudition, with France vivacity, with Spain arrogance, with Scotland steadfastness, with America enterprise, but the Emerald Isle at once opens the deep, gushing fountains of affection. The lively gratitude, the vivid fancy, the quick impulses, the noble generosity, the brilliant wit, and pathetic eloquence which have so often characterized the Irish enlist our sympathies in such a manner that we are unable to sit in cool judgment on their acknowledged faults, and disposed rather to be warm admirers than keen-eyed critics. But our feelings deepen into respect at the recollection of their history. Of all the nations in Europe Ireland longest resisted that Papal domination which at last crushed her heart. From her at one time proceeded the only rays of literature and religion which penetrated the midnight of the world. If she has given slaves to Popery, she has also given martyrs to liberty. She has exhibited the sword of the patriot, as well as the scepter of the tyrant. If her hills have reëchoed the clank of the chain, they have also reverberated with the shouts of freedom. If her breezes have expanded the ensigns of oppression, they have also caused to float the banners of emancipation. If Ireland is not a land of great achievements, she certainly is a land of brave efforts and noble aspirations. Her soil is stained with the blood of sacrifice, and she has displayed instances of generous devotion and high-souled daring which have quickened the pulse of liberty throughout the world. To our own country she has given heroes. A part of the price of that happiness and glory we this day enjoy was Irish blood. How closely, too, is Ireland connected with our Methodism! Let us examine some of its relations.

1. We owe gratitude to Ireland. Behold this vast structure of our Zion towering to heaven from this western continent, and numbering within her walls thousands of worshipers! Who laid the first stone in her foundations? Who kindled the first fire upon her altars? Who made the first proclamation of salvation free and full from her pulpits? We answer, "Irishmen." Embury and Strawbridge were the apostles of our Church. They began the work of erecting this great temple, whose pillars, we trust, will never crumble and whose arches will never fall till the fires of judgment wrap the world.

Again: have we not in many instances obtained from Ireland men the most distinguished for zeal,

and learning, and talent? Who is that venerable man of gray hairs, whose paper for years cheered our hearts and brightened our firesides, and who has so often shaken those two pillars of Satan's kingdoms—slavery and Papacy? An Irishman. Who is that celebrated living revivalist, who, after kindling in Canada and Great Britain a blaze of salvation, has, by means of his books, scattered its fires over the hill-tops of the east and rolled them over the prairies of the west? An Irishman. Not long since the bishops of our Church asked, "Who will first plant our banner in India?" A long and painful silence followed. At last it was broken by a voice from New England, exclaiming, "Here am I; send me." He who thus offered himself was ordained for the work, and took his wife to the land of suffering, and toil, and danger. The cruel Sepoy pursued them with fire and sword. See the flames curl around his darling books till they are blackened into a mass of cinders! Behold him, penniless, fly with his brave wife to the mountains for refuge, exposed constantly to death, and to outrages compared with which death is an angel of mercy! Does his zeal grow cool? Does his faith stagger? Does his resolution waver? No. The language of his heart is, "They may shoot me with the bullet, they may pierce me with the sword, they may burn me to ashes, they may drive me through blood to torture, but that banner of salvation, which I have planted for our beloved Zion on the banks of the Ganges, shall wave over me as I fall a martyr for Jesus." Who is this, our first apostle to Hindoostan? I reply, "An Irishman." This day I am told four hundred Irish preachers stand on the walls of our Church with the Gospel-trumpet to their lips. Every year from five hundred to a thousand Irish Wesleyans, many of them bright with all the graces of the Spirit, and thoroughly trained to habits of religion, take their places among us to employ their money and their gifts to strengthen and extend our beloved cause. We are thus drawing from their Church drop by drop the blood of her life. We are augmenting our riches at the expense of her poverty, and exalting our power at the expense of her feebleness, and swelling our numbers at the expense of her paucity. Who then will say we are not greatly in her debt? But,

2. We are in danger from Ireland. Perhaps there are none who really fear that this great country will ever be subjected to the throne of St. Peter. Republican America can never become the slave of Papal Rome. Yet she can not but be affected by that dark and turbulent stream of Catholicism, which perpetually pours upon her shores. See the multitudes which crowd from

Ireland! They line our railroads; they pollute our villages; they infect our cities; with bloated faces and reddened eyes they stagger to the polls and nullify our votes. Their blasphemies are borne on our breezes, and the noise of their revelry offends the midnight. The blood of brutal violence stains their dwelling-places. They annoy us by their despicable servility and their petty depredations. Although too degraded to produce any positive and immediate impression on the morals of our more intelligent citizens, yet, like a fetid marsh, they throw off an insensible miasm, which poisons all the surrounding atmosphere. Their children will more or less infect our children. Stand by that Irish shanty at midnight! Hear the sound of those brutal orgies! The song of the drunkard and the oath of the blasphemer, the shrieks of abused children and the cries of interposing women mingle in horrid discord. The morning sun now lights the scene. See those ragged, dirty, swaggering, swearing children come forth! Their eyes and their ears have been witness to all the dark occurrences of the night. And now they go—where? Trace them along your streets. They enter that noble public edifice. They sit, in all their external filthiness and all their internal degradation, side by side with your children. Will you bar the door against them? Will you bolt them out from acquiring that knowledge which will make them useful on earth and happy in heaven? Humanity says "No." Patriotism says "No." Christianity says "No." Self-interest, if permitted to speak in such a case, would say "No." God has sent them here to receive into their dark souls the bright beams of human science and the brighter beams of divine truth. Here they may become good citizens and pious Christians, and eventually not blast, but bless our land. Yet it can not be concealed that they now exert upon us an influence for evil. God seems determined to drive us to action for their salvation on the great first principle of self-preservation.

Again: suppose his Holiness, the Pope, should have this proposition before him for consideration, "Where shall I establish a Roman Catholic theological seminary for the education of priests to promote my interests in the United States?" in what country of Europe would he locate it? Would it be in Germany, or Austria, or Spain, or Italy, or France? In none of these countries is our language spoken. Would it be in Scotland? Centuries since, John Knox lighted the fires of the Reformation in the valleys and on the hill-tops of this noble land, and such an institution would be consumed by the fierceness of their resenting

flames. Would it be in England? Her heart still beats true to Protestantism, although some of her extremities may be ulcerated by Popery. In what country can he find his religion dominant and the English tongue prevalent? In none but Ireland. There youth can be at once trained in the mysteries of Babylon, and in that language which affords a medium of communication in the United States. Hence Ireland is made a theological seminary to educate priests for the spread of Romanism in this republic, and the assertion is rendered palpable by the fact its ministers here are usually Irishmen. Hence Maynooth College has its endowment of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Hence the seventeen other Catholic seats of learning. Hence their armies of priests with all the instrumentalities for their training. Thus Ireland becomes the great fountain from which the Papacy sends out its streams of death to deluge and overthrow this fair land.

3. Thus gratitude and interest both prompt us to interpose for the salvation of the Irish Catholic population.

But in what manner shall they be brought under the influence of the Gospel by our efforts? Shall we proceed indirectly, as in the case of the French, and Scandinavians, and Germans, to convert the emigrants here, that they in turn may communicate the truth to their father-land? Let all be accomplished that can for the poor Irishman on our own shores. Let us abjure the notion that because he is a Catholic he is beyond the pale of hope. I know that little has been done for him in our land. I know the prejudice and unbelief which exist in regard to him. See that lady with an Irish servant in her house! She is a woman celebrated for charity and zeal, a leader of prayer meetings, a center of religious influence, the soul of all the benevolent efforts in her neighborhood. You say to her, "Madam, have you pointed that poor benighted creature to the blood of Jesus?" She replies, "Sir, she is a Roman Catholic." That farmer contributes largely to the support of the Church, entertains her ministers, has a closet and a family altar, spreads all around him the hallowed influences of his piety. You say to him, "Sir, have you told that poor son of Erin, whose brawny arm wields your ax and your scythe, that he can have salvation through Christ without an intermeddling priest?" He answers, "Why, sir, he is a Roman Catholic." Away with such doctrine and such practice! While the light of life is in a man's eye, while the breath of life is in his form, although the shadows of eternity may have settled over him, and his eye may roll in the anguish of death, kneel at his bed with strong faith, and burning

love, and mighty prayer, whisper words of mercy, direct him to thy crucified Lord, who still pardons penitent thieves, contrite Peters, weeping Magdalens, and beseeching Sauls. Yet while efforts should be made for the salvation of Irish Catholics in America, there are strong reasons why we should also strive to reach them directly in their own land. They occupy a different position from other foreigners.

1. There is in Ireland an evangelical Church, many of whose ministers have experience in laboring among Irish Catholics, and who can address them in their native tongue. Our Wesleyan brethren have the same doctrine and Discipline which we possess, understand the prejudices and habits of the people, and have every qualification for the great enterprise of leading the Romanists to Christ but pecuniary resources. In Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway they have an established Church, with revenues and without piety. The Wesleyans of Ireland have piety without revenues. As, then, they are on the ground, and furnished spiritually and intellectually for the work, how wise in us to operate through them as God's agents, and supply them the means necessary to prosecute successfully so glorious an enterprise!

2. The way of Protestantism to the hearts of Irish Catholics has been wonderfully opened. Once the revengeful bullet shivered the window and pierced the heart of the Protestant, so that gory and ghastly he fell amid his affrighted family to stain his hearth-stone with his blood. Once the bludgeon of the assassin was ready to crush his skull and mangle his limbs. Once hell seemed to have thrown her walls of fire around the poor Romanist, to bar from him every divine influence. Now the whole aspect of things is changed. The Irish Catholics are more readily reached in their own land than in America. If hard here, they are soft there. If inaccessible here, they are accessible there. If their condition is esteemed hopeless here, it is hopeful there. Let me allude to those providences which have produced results so encouraging.

All remember the famine which some years since desolated Ireland, and swept nearly a million of her people to their graves. Where did relief come from? Was it sent from Catholic Germany, or Catholic Austria, or Catholic Spain, or Catholic France, or Catholic Italy? One would have supposed that the very pictures and other decorations of St. Peter would have been sold in such an emergency, or that the Pope would have parted with his tiara and his purples, or at least have unlocked his treasures to save his flock from the pangs of famine and the jaws of the grave. But

no, his heart was as cold as the marbles of the Vatican. The supply in this hour of destitution and death came from the generous hand of Protestantism. See those vessels of war! They spread their white sails over the blue wave and woo the glad breezes to waft them onward, not on an errand of carnage and slaughter, but for the deliverance of a perishing nation. They do not bustle with cannon to deluge a land with blood, but drop peaceful anchors into the harbors of Erin freighted with bread. The priest may turn his back upon the famished mother as she holds with bony hands her skeleton infant before him imploring food that may save it from the grave, and drop over her no tear of sympathy, and give her no relief; but Protestant hearts will feel, and Protestant hands will pour forth their willing offerings. The valleys of our own New England, and the fields of the middle states, and the prairies of the west, and the savannas of the south meet this demand of charity. The Irishman with quick perception marked the difference between the icy, pitiless refusal of his own Church and the warm, generous response of Protestants. Whatever you may object to him you can not arraign him for want of gratitude. No eye more readily gushes with the tear of thankfulness than an Irish eye—no heart pulsates more warmly with emotions of thankfulness than an Irish heart. The way was thus everywhere opened to the reception of the truth.

The Establishment, the Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, all took advantage of these circumstances. Missionaries were supplied, Bibles were furnished, schools were founded, and the Gospel is now proclaimed to multitudes in fairs and markets, in streets and chapels.

The shadow of Satan still rests upon a large portion of her people. Where is the remedy but in the Gospel of Christ? What but it can solve the problem that has so long baffled the wisdom of statesmen? And what a blessing will flow back upon our own land when this Gospel shall have achieved its universal triumph in Ireland! How delightful to receive multitudes glowing with the image of Jesus, instead of frightful with the image of Satan; sending forth hymns for blasphemies; drinking the waters of life, instead of the streams of death; giving from their habitations not the sound of revelry, but the voice of prayer; erecting tasteful dwellings in the place of wretched cabins; educating instead of debasing their children; frequenting the courts of God's house; lending stability to the state and glory to the Church! O that American Methodists might be fully aroused to the excellence of a work so noble and so desirable!

SERMONS AND HOMILIES FROM THE POETS.

BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

NUMBER IV.

TEXT. "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

HAMLET.

THE wisdom of old Polonius, as seen in our text, finds an echo in the "wisdom of Solomon, the son of Sirach:" "Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable with him;" and is doubtless itself but an echo of the wisdom of that greater and wiser Solomon to whom God appeared in Gibeon by night: "Thine own and thy father's friend forsake not."

O, what an angel of light and mercy is Friendship; how she rejoiceth the heart of man!

"For his gayer hours
She hath a voice of gladness and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty; and she steals
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Friendship anointeth our heads with oil of gladness, and truly bitter is the lot of the friendless. We are by nature social beings, and every heart longeth for a kindred spirit. Having found what seemeth such a kindred spirit, then, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." But experience teaches "that men betray," that the Judas kiss upon thy cheek may be the signal of death, and that the friend whose voice asketh after thy health may smite thee "under the fifth rib." It behooveth us, then, to choose out our friends discreetly. "Their adoption" should be tried not only by the lodestone of fortune, but by the fierce alembic of adversity. They should be found fit repositories for our most important trusts; capable of giving good counsel, firm and unwavering to us and our interests. We should be sure that they love ourselves rather than our position, our wealth, or any pomp of circumstance by which we may be surrounded. For "wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor." "Many will entreat favor of a prince, and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts."

A quaint old writer says: "Old friends, old books, old wine, these are aye the best." As an old shoe fitteth easily to the foot, and accommodateth itself softly and tenderly to all the turn-

ings and irregularities thereof, so an old friend fitteth himself cleverly to all the rugged and salient, sore and tender parts of our nature, and winding himself gently about us, sweetly insinuateth himself into all the recesses of our hearts. Knowing our caprices they wound him not, nor is he amazed when we act as imperfect and finite creatures. For all our whims, freaks, follies, caprices, and humors being known unto him, he is ever ready to make all just and due allowance therefor, nay, even to excuse many slights which none but he would deem pardonable. He knoweth how to humor, even to surfeiting, every whim, and he also knoweth how he may safely refuse to pander thereto. And as a surgeon removeth a tumor without compunction and cutteth off a diseased limb without remorse, so doth an old man and true friend shrink not to use the knife of reproof and the caustic of satire upon the tumors and cancers of vice and error, and with the probe of truth to sound to the core the ulcers of appetite and habit. Nor doth he hesitate to aid in cutting off the right hand of offense, or in plucking out the right eye that causeth to sin. Yet "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and in all these friendly surgeries doth he give a due portion of the ether of kindness and the chloroform of encouragement, whereby the pain is greatly eased and lessened, and then he bindeth up the wounds with the oil of joy and the balm of consolation.

The splendors of wealth dazzle not such a friend. He standeth as a monitor to warn us against the sycophants who throng the masquerade of society. When riches "make to themselves wings and fly away toward heaven," and proud ones hurl upon us the doom of the penniless or the stigma of the plebeian, standing between us and the down-rattling scorn of the cold world, battling against slander on behalf of our good name, and placing at our disposal his stock of earthly store; "he saith not to his neighbor, 'Go, and to-morrow I will give,' when he hath it by him." While he hath a morsel we shall not lack a crumb, and he that rejoiced in our rejoicing shall weep at our woes. Cling to such a friend with all the energies of thy heart. Let no earthly power break the bonds that bind thee to him. Let thy soul stretch forth its arms to him, and grasp him to thee with a hold that death alone can loosen. He that would betray such a friend no less than he that neglecteth his own household, "is worse than an infidel." Hath such a one offended thee in word or deed? O, cast him not off forever! surely it hath been in the weakness of the flesh and not in perverseness

of spirit that he hath wounded thee. Reply not angrily to what thou deemest an angry word. It may be a phantom which thine own heart hath raised from the tomb of fancy. Let not the shadow of that phantom fall upon thy friend's heart. Heal the breach at once. Mountains of granite have been torn asunder by the pressure of water heaped up within a seam so small the eye could not see it; and so have friends been parted for life by a breach which one look, one word, one pressure of the hand had healed forever. Then "let not the sun go down on thine anger," but go thou and be straightway reconciled to thy brother. "Forsake not an old friend." Doth a "new-hatched, unfledged comrade," with sounding zeal for thy welfare, fill thine ear with warnings against deceit and treachery in thine old friend, and bid thee beware? "Be thou ware of him." Open thy soul at once to thine old friend, and hearken to his self-vindication. "The new is not comparable with him."

But hope not, amid the gay pageant of life, that every friend who grasps thy hand will be such as thine old and tried friend. Often wilt thou find it hard to know the ring of the spurious coin from that of the true metal. Sometimes thou mayst clearly see the dim red copper and the coarse brass through the thin, transparent gilding of flattery and deceit. But not seldom wilt thou find the base metal thickly plated over with the shining gold of genius, accomplishments, and learning, or the bright silver of politeness, taste, and refinement. How, then, mayst thou choose thy new friends, for thou wilt and must find new friends as the scenes of life's drama shift and change, and new forms and faces are brought upon the stage as thy fellow-actors. Courteous to all, yet intimate with few, be shrewdly careful how thou dost choose those few. Beware whom thou dost grapple "to thy soul with hooks of steel," lest thou fasten upon that soul the contagion of the plague of leprosy. Is thy new-found candidate for friendship a passionate, wrathful man? In him is the plague spot; have naught to do with him. "Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go." Is he a fool? "Go forth from the presence of a foolish man," for "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Doth he profane thy father's name? Doth falsehood stain his lips, or his quibbling tongue send forth lies in the stolen garb of truth? Though in him thou mayst note many good, many noble traits, yet the plague spot is upon him, and "evil communications corrupt good manners." Is he a devotee of the "vain pomp and glory of this world,"

the gay scenes of trivial society, the giddy whirl of the "mazy dance," the glaring lights and gaudy tinsel of the play-house? Take him to thy heart and thou art become altogether such as he. If thou regard not the command, come out from among them, touch not the unclean thing, soon will thy soul be fixed upon vain shows, and thy heart become "an aching void the world can never fill."

Doth he fill thine ear with tales of the evil that others do? Doth he breathe into thine ear the secrets of those who deem him true? Surely thou canst need no warning against such a babler. If he ask thee to help him keep the secret of his friend, he may seek his friend's aid in keeping thine, and if he pour into thine ear the faults of all his friends, he may keep those friends advised of thine. "A talebearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

Carefully beware of him who wilt not allow thou hast a single fault; who plieth thee with constant flatteries, for of all poisons, flattery is the most deceptive, insidious, and dangerous, the most invariably fatal. Having once tasted thereof its victim drinks it in as a sweet draught, "yea, sweeter than honey in the honeycomb;" and with a thirst that will not be quenched, he drinks and drinks again till he sinks under the power of the sweet but terribly fatal poison. More thrones have been emptied, more mighty men been slain by flattery than by all other poisons and all the weapons of war. "Therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Number not with thy friends the courtly apothecary of evil who would dose thee with so deadly a poison. Let him not place his seal upon thy heart, neither let him write his name there.

Yet, above all, shun him who, strictly moral though he be in outward semblance, yet hath with the fool "said in his heart, there is no God;" who seeks with fine-spun theories and new-fangled philosophy to supplant the Gospel of truth, with whom "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed;" who drinks in the blasphemy of Voltaire, and with that wretch has said of our God, yea, of the ever living and true God, "Let us crush this reptile." Deep in his heart, festering in rottenness, is the plague spot of the leprosy of ruin. Though he were learned in all the learning of the Egyptians; though the trump of fame sounded with his worthless name and her laurels sat in beauty on his sinful brow; though wit sparkled in his table-talk; though he spoke no tongue but eloquence,

and sublimest strains of poesy dwelt ever on his lips; though

"Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,
And kings to do him honor took delight,"

yet shouldst thou flee from him as from the deadly cobra, and shun the poison of his eloquence more than the venom of scorpions. Honey is upon his lips, but the poison of asps is under his tongue. But may we not learn of such a one? for lo! is not his soul full of wisdom and understanding? "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "The fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil that is understanding." "There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord." True, if thou meddle with him thou mayst learn somewhat from him. From him thou mayst learn the bitter truth that "coals always blacken," and when taken thus bright and glowing into the bosom, they fail not to burn. He may set thee a sumptuous feast of wit and music, of the beauties of poesy, and the frothy confections of rhetoric and sophistry. But "be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meat." "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he; eat and drink, saith he to thee, but his heart is not with thee."

Choose thy friend among the wise, for "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise." Choose him from among them who are "of a faithful spirit," for "confidence in an unfaithful man is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint."

Having found a friend in whom are the words of wisdom, who revealeth not secrets, who holdeth fast his integrity, who, when fortune frowns and fear cometh, is moved by "none of these things;" how mayst thou "grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel?" By the "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath;" by "the small, sweet courtesies of life;" by those little kindnesses which "speak louder than words." "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." "Love only is the loan for love." Yet do not sound a trumpet before thee to proclaim thy friendship. "He that bleaseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him." Let thy love be shown by the "still, small voice" of delicate attentions, yet be ready to make any sacrifice thy friend's good may demand. In short, be true and earnest toward a true and earnest man, and he is yours, heart, hand, head, and soul. Thus deal with true men and thou dost "grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel," and mayst enjoy the sweets of sympathy, true, fervent, unselfish, unalloyed. Then "forsake not an old friend,"

neither turn to him "who is not comparable with him," nor "dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade," "lest thou give thine honor unto strangers and thy years unto the cruel; lest strangers be filled with thy wealth and thy labors be in the house of a stranger, and thou mourn at the last when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, how have I hated instruction and my heart despised reproof."

But man is frail, and we may fail to read the heart aright. Many friends will deceive us; and even though

"The friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,"

should still hold fast his integrity, "when sorrows like clouds are arrayed," yet "there is no union here of hearts" which wrath may not sever. O, when we think of the friends that proved false, and mourn for the fate of the few that proved true—

"When" we "remember all the friends so linked together,"

We 've "seen around us fall like leaves in wintry weather,"

And "feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,

His hopes all fled, his friends all dead, and all but him departed,"

how cheering the power to "look aloft" to the friendship which never will fade!

Reader, thou hast "an old Friend," "thine own and thy father's Friend," whose "adoption" has been sorely tried. He hath been thy friend in the hour of peril and hath delivered thee out of all thy distresses. He hath been a tender nurse to thee in sickness, and hath shielded thee from "the terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day." He hath mourned over thy frailties, yea, he hath laid down his life for thy transgressions, and hath risen to intercede for thee before the Judge whose righteous law thou hast contemned. All day long doth he stretch out his hands unto thee and bid thee cast thy cares on him. Art thou weary and heavy laden? He offers thee rest. Art thou athirst? He offers thee water of which, if a man drink, he shall thirst no more. Art thou hungry? He hath the bread of life, whereof, if a man eat, "he shall never hunger."

Yet, hast thou slighted this gracious Friend. Thou hast turned a deaf ear to all his counsels and wouldst none of his reproof. Thou hast

Ten thousand times his goodness seen,
Ten thousand times his goodness grieved.

Thou hast seen him naked, and didst clothe him

not; thirsty, and gavest him no drink; an hungered, and gavest him no meat; sick and in prison, and didst visit him not.

Still he knocks at the door of thy heart, and craves admission there. O, receive the heavenly guest. "Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel," "lest he be angry and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little."

"The new friends" that surround thee, those "new-hatched" ones that throng thee with temptations and allurements, are "not comparable with him." The world, with its gay and gaudy throng of alluring pleasures; the flesh, with its hosts of desires and delights; the devil himself, robed "as an angel of light," seek after thy heart. They desire to have thee that they may sift thee as wheat.

But, O, cling ever to thine "old Friend!" "Thine own and thy father's Friend forsake not." Glory only in his name, endure the cross, despise the shame, count all things but loss for the excellency of his name and the glory which he shall reveal unto thee. So shalt thou know the friendship that wasteth not away when fear and trouble come upon thee, which is "sweeter than life, stronger than death," and lasting as eternity.

"MOTHER IS DEAD."

BY REV. C. D. PILLSBURY.

SIXTEEN years have passed away since I bade adieu to the home of my childhood and youth, to act my part amidst the warring elements on the great battle-field of life. New ties and new associations of the purest character known on earth, had thrown their strong cords around my heart, and shed their soft, hallowing influence over my nature. A new home was molding my soul, and casting a sweet odor around my path in life. One earthly friend, ever true and faithful, whether in prosperity or adversity, had shared my hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, while some of earth's flowers, most resembling those upon the soil of paradise, were blooming around my fire-side.

In the bosom of the Church I had found a shelter from many of earth's chilling blasts, and in communion with God, through the mediation of his Son, Jesus Christ, my spirit had often lost sight of the world below, and satiated its longing desires in visions of heavenly scenes. Fourteen years the lights and shades of the itinerant's life had alternated round my head. Again and again had I wept with bleeding heart at the holy altar of penitence, and my whole soul had leaped with joy as, freed from guilt and with the shout of

victory, they entered the kingdom. Many of earth's flowers had withered by my side—many beautiful plants of grace, whose unfolding leaves and budding flowers had filled my heart with hope for the Church, had been suddenly transplanted to the soil of heaven. Many friends of my youth—loved ones of the old family circle—fellow-laborers by my side in the vineyard of our Lord, had been plucked by the chilling hand of Death. But never did my heart throb as when a soft and an affectionate voice whispered in my ear, "*Mother is dead!*" Then, for the first time in my life, I felt that I had no mother!

Seven weeks had passed since I whispered "good-by" to that circle, of all on earth dearest to my heart; days of care and anxiety I had passed amidst the counsels of the Church, and over thousands of miles, under the protecting hand of the Christian's God, unharmed I had been hurled by the untiring iron horse. Again I was at home. Familiar voices, affectionate hands, and warm hearts bade me welcome—then came the half-smothered whisper, "*Mother is dead!*" With a distance of fifteen hundred miles separating us, she met her last foe. She fell! yet she conquered!

Though deprived the mournful privilege of mingling with others, equally dear to her, around her dying pillow—though forbidden to receive her dying blessing from her quivering lips—though too far away to catch the sound of the tolling bell—though I recognized not the slow-moving funeral procession, nor once gazed on her countenance pale in death, my heaving bosom still tells me on whom the withering hand of the destroyer has now fallen—mother received the blow!

Scenes of childhood rise before me. Mother's hand smooths the pillow for my young head—I feel her warm fingers resting softly upon my brow, while her gentle voice whispered "good-night." Many long years she battled nobly with fierce disease. Of many pains and most severe, her disabled limbs, in mournful accents, long did speak! Upon her cheek the burning fever flushed, and then gave place to paleness for the tomb. Her bowing form with withering hands rises before me. I hear her hollow cough, her half-smothered sigh, her groan which patience justified. Toil-worn and weary, she sought rest, and angels came and whispered, "It is enough—come home!"

And now I behold another scene. With tearless eye and cheerful countenance, with firm and steady step, a lone pilgrim ascends Jordan's distant shore. A flowing robe of righteousness floats

upon her shoulders and rustles in the breezes of paradise. Hark! she shouts, "My labors are done; my warfare is ended; my sufferings are passed; my tears are shed—heaven is gained!" Loved ones who had passed on before, and whose voices have been tuned to the music of heaven, respond, "*Mother has come! mother has come!*" And there they stand—mother, brother, sisters—almost half the old family group—in one circle of light too bright to mingle with the shadows of earth, and amidst glories that come not down to the misty fields of time to watch the coming of those still lingering below. 'T is sorrow on earth—'t is joy in heaven! Loved ones, *we miss you!* No more here will you share our joys or sorrows—never again to us will you return! But on your own blissful shore, in your own sinless heaven, where friends never part and tears never flow, we hope yet to greet you. *Mother, rest now, and take thine ease—no mortal hand shall again disturb thy slumbers.*

THE SEED OF TRUTH.

BY REV. JOHN HANLON.

ONCE upon a day in autumn, when the gentle wind was sighing its *farewell* to the trees of summer, and whispering of *winter* to the fading flowers, there was borne upon its wings a *tiny seed*. After traversing many a pleasant valley, and flying over as many rugged mountains, it fell at last in the solitude of a deep and lonely forest, and was soon hidden in the dark, green moss that spread itself as nature's carpet in the home of Solitude. It so happened that down in the soft, wild soil, beneath the very sprig of moss through which the little flower seed had fallen, there lay a beautiful agate stone unseen by the covetous eye of man. When the melancholy days of autumn had passed away, and the brown leaves covered thickly the earth, the chilling winds of winter came on, and the heavy rains fell upon the tender seed, and over it swept the deep, white, icy snows, imbedding it still deeper in the cold soil. All the winter long the little seed and the agate stone reposed together silently and undisturbed. Soon the months broke loose from the iron grasp of winter and rolled away, succeeded by the welcome spring time. Then came the genial showers of April and the warm sunshine of May, and penetrated the cold soil and nestled around the hidden seed, imparting life and vigor to its delicate form. The birds once more flitted from bough to bough upon the trees, and once again was nature enlivened by their songs. As the giants of the forest began to put forth

their silvery leaves, the little seed below, having germinated, was busy in pushing forth its tender shoot through the earth and moss, while from its bottom and sides beneath the soil there stole out little fibers in every direction after nourishment for the tender plant. As the dews, the rain, and the sunshine came to cheer the frail and lonely sprig, it waxed strong and vigorous, till at last there peeped out from between its leaves a beautiful flower, which shed its perfume "on the desert air," and imparted to the wild flowers around it its species. The birds sang more sweetly and the squirrels hopped more nimbly from bough to bough because of the presence of the stranger in their home. Meanwhile the roots of the flower, which had increased in strength, were winding themselves closely around and under the agate stone, grasping it with firmness and tenacity. The summer passed away and still the flower was blooming. Then there came a gentle being from over the hills, wandering through the forest in search for the fairest flowers, in order that she might gather them and transplant them in a more genial soil ere the frosts of winter nipped their silken leaves. And as she journeyed on she espied the delicate flower, and stretched forth her snowy hands and plucked it from its native soil, when she beheld tightly imbedded in its roots the bright and beautiful stone, which, with the flower, she carried joyfully to her sunny home, and placed it with her fairest and most costly treasures.

So is it with the seed of God's truth. It may be sown in the morning or in the evening, in the fertile plain of civilization, or in the wilds of heathen humanity. At home, by the parent or Sabbath school teacher, the author or the herald of the cross, it may be strown, or by the missionary scattered broadcast on the desert air, not knowing whither it will go, or when it will spring up; but when the hand that sowed it shall be molding in the grave, the seed of truth will germinate in due time, and shed its holy fragrance upon the polluted atmosphere of a sinful world. Let every Christian, then, in whatever sphere he may be laboring, scatter the seeds of truth on every moral breeze, and every wave that rolls across the sea of humanity. Though barren months of sin and neglect may come, and the dreary, cold, and dark winter of infidelity succeed the effort, and the truth be bound in its ice and snows, yet it will come forth. The moral spring shall succeed the winter of unbelief, and the seed which has lodged in some cold heart shall be watered by God's Spirit, and he will send upon it the sunshine of his love, and the dews of his grace making it to

spring up as a beautiful flower, scenting the moral atmosphere with its holy sweetness and imparting its influence to the many hearts, wild with sin and bitter passion, by which it is surrounded. Then when the winter of death comes God will send his angels from far over the hills of heaven to visit the ground where his truth was sown, and they will pluck from the moral soil of this world the plants of truth, and will find wrapt in their roots the precious and immortal souls of men. The soul clothed with truth shall be taken and transplanted in the blissful garden of paradise, where the winter of discontent and disappointment shall never come.

LITTLE BELL.

BY HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

A KNOCK—a low, gentle one, such as only comes from the hand of a person oppressed with sorrow, or a child. I laid down my book and opened the door.

"Will you walk in, sir?" I inquired of the gentleman who stood holding the hand of a child of two summers.

"Thank you, I can not stop this morning; I have brought down my little Bell to stay with you to-day, if convenient; her mother is so sick that noise disturbs her very much."

My hand and heart opened immediately to the little stranger, who was looking at me with her bright, blue eyes, and I replied that it would afford me much pleasure to take care of her.

"Have you any well or cistern open?" her mother feels so anxious about her," he added, apologetically, as if the strong yearning care of a mother's heart needed apology.

"O, no! I will watch over her and let no harm befall; will you come to me, dear?"

"Go with papa, go with papa," she replied, clinging to him.

"But I have some pictures here; come and see this baby and little birdie." She was at my side and in my arms in a moment.

"Will Bell stay now?" queried her father; "the lady has so many pictures."

"All these?" said she, laying her soft, plump hand on a pile of magazines. "Yes, Bell will stay; good-by, papa."

The door closed, and I was alone with the little one. How sweet she seemed! Her brow, neck, and arms fair as alabaster, and her lips full and curved delicately as the ideal of a sculptor's dream. Her light, silken hair rested against my dress, and her pretty eyes glanced up to mine expressively at each picture I turned to.

"Pretty, pretty!" said she, catching sight of a sea-shell half hid beneath some folds of paper. I took it up and held it to her ear; such a look of surprise and childish wonder as broke over her countenance!

"Ladies, hear it;" and it was held to the ear of each lady in the engravings. Soon she tired of my arms, and I stood her down upon the floor. It was an early fall day, not cold enough to need a fire and almost too cool to do without one. Her little arms and neck were bare, and I, fearful of the chill, opened a cherished drawer to seek a suitable covering.

Little shoes, soft embroideries, tear-stained dresses, coverings of the chrysalis of my sainted babe, were all turned over with a dry eye, for earth's once deep sorrow had changed into a spring of never ceasing joy, for could I weep that an angel was mine!

"Put these on, Bell?" I questioned, holding up an apron, through the long sleeves of which I had often sought for the chubby arms of my darling.

"Where's the baby?" said she, looking at it and around wonderingly.

It was too much; my earthly babe came back, and I forgot my heavenly one, and leaned my head on my hand and wept.

"Do n't cry, mamma, do n't cry!" she pleaded, her chin quivering, and her little form convulsed with sobs.

How near she seemed to me; how my soul clung to her as she clasped her arms around my neck and held her cheek to mine! Bell is gone, gone to a distant home; I may never see her more, but she is mine still; mine to love and remember; mine to yearn for with a strange, subduing tenderness that softens the heart and makes it kinder to each member of the human family; mine to give added sweetness to my views of paradise by vivifying these words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE TRUE FREEMAN.

He is a freeman, whose social condition is in no respect inferior to the claims of his moral nature and his intellect. He is no slave, no matter what his condition, when that condition continues to improve in intellectual and moral respects. He, alone, is the slave, who is denied the position which is essential to the exercise of his proper faculties, and the fit development of his natural powers. He can not but be a tyrant, whom society has lifted into a condition superior to his capacities.

THE TEACHINGS OF ONE DEPARTED.

BY ANNA J. TOY.

"Thou sayest the dead are teachers."—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

HUMANITY is a dull scholar. It is particularly slow to learn lessons of faith. The unseen, the immaterial, the intangible take but the slightest hold upon the mind. Even to receive the gift of the Spirit of God into our hearts we need the lashings of penitence, the scourgings of sorrow, and often painful physical affliction, when it ought only to be with us as with Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened." Wonderingly we ask, "Why is this; why does not the immateriality of the mind lead it at once to seize hold upon the immaterial in preference to the material? Why should not kind link with kind in this as in other things? Why does it not naturally float away to the unseen, and its thoughts dwell there, itself being of the unseen?"

A strong proof we have here of the great doctrine of the fall. We *know* we have a mind, a *soul*, whose innate capacities go far above and beyond the material. *Sometimes* it soars—just enough to prove its native powers. But it is so bound down to earth, its pinions are so fettered by the bonds of mortality, that it is only by struggles long and severe it is enabled to break away. It needs much and often painful discipline before it can make any bold flight into the spiritual element.

These thoughts lead us to the conclusion that *death* was introduced into the world as an essential part of that divine discipline necessary for man. There are no lessons which come with such impressive power as those of this solemn teacher—no discipline which leads the mind so readily to anxious, earnest inquiry, and no course of reasoning which so unites the things which are seen with those which are not seen.

We may look upon a life-long Christian course with all its serious earnestness, and we may know that the Christian's inner eye is gazing steadfastly upward into the eternal future as into a great reality; but we take not the matter fully into thought and heart till we see the light of that eye removed and that Christian course transferred. Then crowd the questions, "Where shines it now? What sphere commands its powers now?" Then come the aspirations, "O God, make *me* holy, make *me* spiritual, that I too may dwell in the home of the spiritual eternally."

It is our purpose to show how these principles were illustrated in the Christian life and activity of a sister beloved in the Lord. Communion with her was sweet; Christian intercourse with her

elevating always. We felt it a precious boon to have such a friend. But now, that she has gone from us to the higher courts of the temple of our God, we feel that she has doubly become our "teacher," and that her influence is drawing us to deeper devotedness to God. We would exhibit a few traits of her character and life, that others seeing her good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

In the spring of 1843 Lavenia commenced her *true* life—that life which is "hid with Christ in God." All other life is but living death. For two years previous to this her mind, which was naturally premeditative, had dwelt upon religious subjects. In these two years God and her Bible were almost her only teachers. Not a Christian counselor had she. She longed for some one to whom to reveal her feelings; but God was leading her by a way she knew not. Thus in the very beginning she learned to rely upon him solely, and frequently in after years we have heard her express her grateful acknowledgments for this peculiar dealing.

Occasionally during this time she sat under the ministry of Rev. William Roberts, who was then the pastor of Halsey-Street Methodist Church, Newark. She there received the impression—according to her own words—that the religion recommended was just such as she felt to be the want of her own unhappy heart.

From Halsey-Street Church brother Roberts was removed by the conference to the Clinton-Street Church, at that time in course of erection. In a prayer meeting one evening in the basement of the building he noticed Lavenia's interested attention. At the close of the exercises he, like a true evangelist, supposing she was anxious to know the "way," asked her if a visit from him would be agreeable. She assented, and her trepidation was extreme at the thought of being about to realize her most earnest wishes for Christian counsel and sympathy. The next morning he called, and, though so anxious to pour out her whole heart to him, she could scarcely say a word. He, however, with the clear discernment and deep sympathy of a true minister of the cross, saw her state, felt her sorrows, and tenderly explained to her the way of faith. He left, and soon after Lavenia retired to her room, determining that, unless called, she would not leave it till the evidence came of her adoption into the family of God. She waited not long till the heavens opened and the Spirit of God came down upon her, bearing witness with her spirit in the clearest and most satisfactory manner. O, how her heart expanded now into a fullness of joy, and peace, and love! She was ready now to

do and suffer any thing for the sake of her blessed Savior, and her own expression was, she "wished to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way."

The same thoughtful and decided character marked her choice of Church relations. Her parents were not members of her chosen branch of Christian fellowship, and it cost her many seasons of trial and many earnest prayers before she could announce to them formally her desire and ask their acquiescence. But He who looks tenderly upon the lambs of his flock, and knows so well all their trials and burdens, gave her strength in her time of need. She was enabled to do what she knew to be her duty. She was baptized by brother Roberts in March, 1843. And now she became a true Methodist. But few adhere so closely and *lovingly* to the doctrines of our Church as did our sister Lavenia. Many times have we heard her talk of originating a "*Discipline Society*," in which it should be binding to live *exactly* as the Discipline required. Understandingly she had read this little volume, and, in the true simplicity of her nature, she thought she must do just as it enjoined. She had been accustomed to go to balls and parties. Every thing belonging to them or their spirit was relinquished for life. So far as our knowledge goes she was never heard even to hum a song. She had been quite gay in her dress. All her jewelry was laid aside before she presented herself for acceptance by the Church, and not one article of it appeared upon her person again, although she was surrounded by temptations and allurements to replace them.

One instance of her conscientiousness as a Christian in contact with her sensitive delicacy we will record. She was riding out one day with her only brother, between herself and whom there was an earnest attachment. By some movement the fringe of a shawl became entangled in the common pin which fastened her undersleeve. This attracted her brother's attention. "Why, sister," said he, "have you no cuff-pins? I must get you a pair immediately." She made some reply, but he insisted she must have them. After her return home she really did not know what to do. Her heart forbade her injuring her brother's feelings by refusing his kindness, and he could not appreciate her explanations. Her conscience would not let her wear the pins. Such a tide of emotion arose in her bosom she slept but little that night. The next morning her brother sent her two pairs of pins for her choice. Now was the time for decision. After earnest prayer she sat down, wrote a note to her brother, thanking him, declining the gift, and saying she could not wear the pins. Her position was taken and never yielded.

Having now become a member of Christ's visible as well as mystical body, she looked about for opportunities of usefulness. The healthy branch abiding in the vine *must* bear fruit. She entered the Sunday school, she formed a youth's missionary society, which she, in conjunction with one other person, met every Saturday afternoon. One novel mode of raising money for the society may be mentioned. When brother Roberts was about to sail for Oregon she proposed getting up an Album quilt for him, charging twenty-five cents for each name that was to be placed upon it. Quite a large amount of money was raised in this way. She also established a benevolent association and visited the poor personally.

To see her work none would suspect that pain and disease were her constant attendants, nor yet that her nature was rather unusually modest, retiring, and sensitive. But the leading aim of her life was to *do her duty*. All secondary influences were thrown into the shade by the lofty growth of this deeply-rooted principle.

The great work of her life was the founding and building of the orphan asylum, which is the "crown and the ornament" of the city of Newark, New Jersey. A little incident led her mind to this project. A child of eight years fell from a cherry-tree and broke her arm. Lavenia's ready sympathies were immediately interested in her. She could not be taken home, for home was not home to the poor, suffering child—no kindness, no comfort there. The question arose, "What can be done for her? Where shall she be placed?" and the want of some such refuge as an orphan asylum was immediately felt. "Why can we not have one?" was the inquiry passed among several ladies with whom Lavenia conferred. "We *can* have one," was her reply; and now began the real toil of her life. The anxieties, and tears, and prayers spent by that earnest spirit upon this object eternity alone will reveal; the *results* only are seen here. And what results! A noble institution upon the brow of the hill, complete and spacious in arrangement and stately in appearance, sheltering, clothing, feeding, and educating for time and for eternity sixty orphaned ones, and having found comfortable homes for many more. Truly these are blessed results—blessed of Him, who, when he was on earth, loved himself to bless little children.

A short time previous to her last illness the whole debt of the building, which had been dedicated the year before, had been provided for, and when she was taken sick she remarked, "The asylum is now finished, and perhaps my work is done." It *was* done, and she has gone to her

reward. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto me."

To the encouragement of those ladies engaged in benevolent projects a few remarks may be made here. The leading feature of Lavenia's active life was her capacity for planning and judiciously executing. This capacity comprises *thoughtfulness, clear discernment, judgment, promptness, and decision*. The main-spring and guiding-chain of all were her prayerful spirit and simple repose in Divine direction. The writer of this has accompanied her on several of her "begging expeditions" for the asylum. Invariably, we think, she went armed in the full panoply of God—previously prepared through prayer. And when her weary body was almost overdone we have said to her, "You rest here while I go yonder and beg." Her reply smilingly was, "Well, you go and I will stay here and pray for you." We think, too, she had a correct hold of that idea of Bunyan's Pilgrim—"Patience hath the best wisdom." She did not divulge her plans prematurely. Some persons' practical ideas are lost in an immense impetuous *now!* She was willing to wait for the perfection of a thing rather than have it *now* imperfectly. "Wait thou *His* time" was a sentiment pervading her heart and her movements, and in no degree interfering with her promptitude and efficiency, as all who knew her will acknowledge. We know not why a *true Christian* can not always be efficient. We have Biblical sanction for the idea. "In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," etc.

Lavenia was also a manager in the "Ladies' City Mission," and we have heard it remarked that "if the board became involved in any difficulty Lavenia was sure to see her way out." Now, it is our opinion that a *habitual waiting* upon God is the true way to attain such excellence. There may be native talent, but the most efficient power comes directly from God through patient prayer; then *all* may have that power. There were two things peculiarly trying to her nature. These were opposing the plans and opinions of others, even when she knew they were injudicious, and *begging money*. We have passed and repassed houses which duty bade us enter before "courage" sufficient would rise to our aid; "the spirit indeed willing, but the flesh weak." This many may pronounce foolish, and the very opposite of true decision, but any lady's delicate spirit will at once sympathize. And if grace were not *far* superior to nature the cause of benevolence would generally languish. Our hearts to be strong must battle with the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Our minds

to be "firmly rooted and grounded" in the faith must have some contests with the opposing elements of infidelity. Perhaps the characters most fully and strongly developed are those which, in connection with the opposition which the Christian heart always meets from the "threefold enemy," also have the opposing force of the *social element* against them. Our friend was not without this developing power. There was a want of cordial sympathy painful to her spirit. Hence, her great desire was to live circumspectly in all family relations, to prove in the little concerns of life the regulating strength of the grace of God. It was also, we think, the extreme circumspection which this occasioned which led her to that deep and true knowledge of herself which was observable in her. The clergyman who visited her most frequently during her last illness, remarked that it was a pleasure to meet one possessing such an intelligent knowledge of her own inner life. Truly does her own favorite writer remark, "He who knows us infinitely better than we know ourselves, often puts a thorn in our nest to drive us to the wing, that we may not be grovelers forever."

And now what shall we say of her friendships? Those who held this choice spirit in the close bonds of mutual intimacy know the tenderness, the faithfulness, the evenness, the warmth, the purity of her love. Her kind attentions to her friends knew no bounds but those of impossibility, yet she never, so far as we know, omitted a duty for the sake of a friend.

Her last illness continued for five months. In that time not one word of complaint or impatience escaped her lips. She had a great deal of spiritual joy and peace in the commencement of her sickness. Verses of Scripture and of hymns came refreshingly and soothingly to her mind like whispers of angelic sympathy or divine communication. She remarked she was glad to be sick; she enjoyed so much of the presence of God. It was delightful to visit her. Afterward she came to pass through the *valley of the shadow of death*. Her mind did not seem so clear. She sent for two clergymen, who had long known her well, and one of whom had been a constant visitor during part of her illness. She wished to know of them if they would consider a person in her state safe. They told her "perfectly safe"—*just as safe* as when the bright light of God's countenance shone upon her. After this she seemed to pass out of the *shadow of death*, and to get glimpses of the bright light from within the pearly gates.

About half-past eight on the evening preceding the morning upon which she entered into the glory beyond, a friend stood by, to whom she said,

"Jesus is very precious," and then repeated, "Yes, *very precious*—glory be to his holy name! Glory, glory, halleluiah, halleluiah!" breathed in softest tones. About fifteen minutes afterward she said, "It is rather a hard thing to die." Her friends responded, "Yes, and yet in the hope of a glorious hereafter, it is not so sad." "No," she replied; "and his name yields the richest perfume, and sweeter than music his voice. Glory, glory, halleluiah, halleluiah!" Through the night she rarely spoke, but when she did she was heard to say, "*Ready, ready, ready!* Glory, glory!" and so her ready spirit passed into the glory which no mortal can describe.

She has passed from our sight, but not from our faith, not from our hope, not from our love. She is our *sister* still. She is still a member of Christ's mystical body. She draws spiritual vitality from the same fountain with ourselves. The same life which she commenced here among us, she continues there among the spirits of the just made perfect. We, *feeling her absence* from among us, are momentarily incited to walk in that same simple, trusting, beautiful faith in which she walked, to labor diligently to get our work done, that we too may be elevated to the kingdom of glory after having glorified our God here upon earth. Truly we sorrow not without hope, but we appropriate to our grieving souls the tender words of the Lord, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted."

We bless our compassionate Father for the beautiful teachings of her life and of her death.

VOLTAIRE AND ROUSSEAU.

BY J. L. WELLS.

THE first half of the eighteenth century is remarkable as furnishing to the world the most able literary men who have ever written against Christianity; and among names of lesser note, those of the French writers, Voltaire and Rousseau, and of the English historians, Hume and Gibbon, occupy a prominent place. The character of a great man, be he intellectually or morally great, affords us a useful study; and the circumstances and surroundings which serve to develop his character and to give it the peculiar impress of the times, accordingly become to us matters of interest. As Voltaire and Rousseau are the subjects of the present sketch, for the reason just named, it may not be amiss to take a glance at the reign of Louis XIV, whose policy, fostering as it did the hypocrisy and cruelty of the priesthood, and the bigotry and ignorance of the peo-

ple, led many men of sterling worth not only to dispense with the hollow forms and ceremonies of a corrupt Church, but to cast off the fear of God and to set up Reason as the idol of their heart's altar.

On the death of Mazarine, who, in fact, had long governed France, Louis XIV surrounded himself with men who esteemed it their greatest privilege to spread abroad his renown and glory. Through the munificence of the king, splendid buildings were erected for scientific purposes. The French Academy, established by Richelieu, conducted to a development of French literary composition, and the French language was adopted by the higher classes of Europe for conversation and epistolary writing. To such an extent was this true that even Frederic William of Prussia esteemed it of the highest importance that his children should have a thorough French education, although their German was so neglected that "they could with difficulty understand their native tongue."

The French court was every-where admired as the model of elegance and refinement, and the age of Louis named the "golden age" of France. But the influence upon the mass of the people of a selfish prince who sought nothing but the gratification of his love of power and display may be imagined. It has been well said that "his reign became the grave of freedom, of morals, of firmness of character, and of manly sentiments."

Guizot has said that "the moral and intellectual progress of Europe was, to the sixteenth century, essentially theological—that all science bore the stamp of theology," and refers us to France as the exponent of European civilization. Had the object, the character of religion been rightly understood; had the mind of the people been untrammelled, and liberty of thought and speech been granted them, there would have been a symmetrical development of the moral and intellectual faculties which would have made this a thing by no means to be regretted. But as religion was oftener on the side of might than right, it is not strange that the science and literature of that age should exhibit the dwarfing processes to which they were subjected. In the seventeenth century was the struggle between absolute monarchy and religious and civil liberty. Louis, believing that the unity of the Church was necessary for the security of his kingdom, yielded to the advice of the priests and Madame Maintenon, and cruelly persecuted the Huguenots, who were among the most active and industrious of his subjects. This alone would not have displeased

his Catholic subjects, but his exhibition of royal magnificence, his pomp and pride did not impart to them a sense of security and reliance on the power of an absolute sovereign. The French people took the alarm, and in the eighteenth century we find the people leading the mind of Europe, and, by the exercise of the spirit of free inquiry, exerting an influence which was felt wherever the name of France was known.

Probably no single thing has had so marked an effect on the development of nations as the spirit of free inquiry. The mind of man, throwing off the shackles which human institutions have imposed, standing boldly forth asserting its God-given right to think freely and independently, controlled by no association or body of men, claims for itself a notice, and exerts an electrifying influence on the mass of men, which the slow and steady movement of a progressive principle fails to do. Among the multitude of writers of this time who have left their impress on the French mind, Voltaire and Rousseau may be ranked as chief. The one a professed deist, the other a professed Protestant; the one the flattered, petted, idolized friend of a circle of wealthy nobility—with a nice appreciation of all that was admirable in art, and with sufficient wealth to gratify his taste—acknowledging a higher stage of civilization to be the stepping-stone to a more free and perfect development of the intellectual being; the other denying himself the common necessities of life, and firmly believing that progress in the arts and sciences had tended to corrupt the manners of men, and that every advance in civilization but served to render them more degraded.

Such a disagreement among any class of writers would serve to attract a greater degree of attention to the sentiments they hold in common; and it is a notorious fact that while Rousseau exclaimed as loudly as did Voltaire against the corruption of the Catholic Church, his writings were no less opposed to the spirit of that Church of which he was a member.

At the death of Louis XIV Voltaire was a young man, but his genius and his wit secured for him an entrance to the best Parisian society, and his earliest productions obtained for him admiration at home and a literary reputation abroad. The first two cantos of the *Henriade*, which he considered as the greatest of his poems, were composed at the age of twenty-two, during an imprisonment of a year in the Bastille which he suffered as the supposed author of an epigram setting forth the abuses and evils under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. In many of his

writings he made the most violent attacks upon the Church and priesthood, and through all his productions there ran a vein of unbelief which had its designed effect upon the minds of his countrymen. In his earliest compositions his real sentiments were veiled by a seeming regard for the Church; but, notwithstanding this, his fervent admirer, Frederic the Great, discovered them, and it is not improbable that even thus early in his literary career he had removed many superstitions and sown doubt and unbelief in many a mind. The admirers of Voltaire would have us believe that his violent opposition to Christianity arose from his love of truth and hatred to the iniquities of the Papal Church. We are gravely told that liberty of soul was the aim of his endeavors; but we look in vain for the attainment of that liberty to the great philosopher whose life was imbibed by the trifling criticisms of his associates, and whose quarrels with his dearest friends were such as to disgust every one. Liberty of soul! Did he obtain it when he descended to the perversion of Scriptural truth?

We look in vain to the bustling little man who passed most of his time in quarreling with kings, in writing for the stage and in stage-acting, for the calm philosophy which should serve as an anchor to the soul tempest-tossed, and enable the rejecter of the Christian religion to move calmly forward amid the turmoil of life upborne by the integrity of his purpose, and nobly patient to the end. His popularity is not such as a great man would desire. He aimed to throw down the bulwarks of the faith of his fathers, but what did he propose to give to the people in place of that of which he robbed them? He destroyed, but he did not and could not construct. He rejected that which was evil, not that he found or ever intended to find that which was better, but that he might display his contempt for those things which it was not in his nature to revere, and that he might secure what he ambitiously strove for, an ascendancy over the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

His writings have uprooted many superstitions, and justly exposed the corruption of the Papal Church, but he has also uprooted religious feelings from the hearts of many, deprived them of confidence and trust in their fellow-men, and sown cold selfishness and worldly wisdom. He possessed in a high degree the power of making men ridiculous, and how he abused that power is well known.

We can not help thinking that with all his love of truth he loved popularity more, and desired liberty to overwhelm with sarcasm those who

differed with him in opinion, more than he desired liberty of soul.

As for Rousseau we can hardly look upon the character of the *individual man* with any other emotions than those of pity and contempt. The eloquent and admired writer, forsaken by those whom he had once called his dearest friends, a half maniac, tempted to commit suicide to flee the miseries of life, moves our pity; while the man of talent, who could have secured to himself and those dependent on him a comfortable maintenance, yet, to carry out his whims and caprices, refused the support his own efforts had earned, moves our contempt. If we look at the character and sentiments of the *writer* in the light of the influence which a man must have exerted whose profession of the Christian religion exerted no restraining influence upon his life; who openly avowed his disbelief in the divinity of Christ, yet publicly participated in the communion; whose views of society, directly opposed to all the good which Christianity teaches, afforded him an excuse for disregarding every obligation to God and man, and to whom freedom of thought and speech furnished a mighty engine with which to produce confusion and ruin, we may well wonder what good he or his cotemporary infidel writers have accomplished. But when we consider the restraints to free inquiry, which had exerted such an untoward influence upon the people, we need not wonder that at their removal men, unused to this new-found freedom, could not judiciously use the powers which had so long lain dormant. Such an evil, however, great as it may seem, will eventually correct itself. There is that in the mind of man which, though it may be warped and twisted by adverse training, when exposed to the genial warmth of the light of liberty, will expand in the right direction and lend its influence to the support of every good thing, strengthening every earnest inquirer in the faith that "truth is mighty and will prevail."

SEARCH AFTER CONTENTMENT.

I KNOW a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be moving from one house to another, and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him if he would find content in any one of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.

OUR HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.*

UNLIKE the Lutheran Church, none of the strictly Calvinistic communions have a hymn-book dating back to the Reformation. It can not be their doctrine which caused this; many of the best known and most deeply-treasured hymns of modern Germany and England have been written by Calvinists. Nor can it proceed from any peculiarity of race or deficiency in popular love of music and song. France and Scotland are too dissimilar in national character to explain this resemblance, while both are rich in popular melodies and songs. Is not the cause the common ideal of external ecclesiastical forms which pervade all the Churches reformed on the Genevan model? The intervening chapters of Church history were, as it were, folded up, as too blotted and marred for truth to be read to profit in them; and next to the last chapter in the Acts of the Apostles was to stand the first chapter of the history of the Reformed Churches. Words were to resume their original Bible meaning; nothing was to be received that could not be traced back to the Divine hand; ecclesiastical order was to be such as Paul had established, and clearly traced out in the Acts and apostolical epistles. And since inspiration existed no longer, and the psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs in which Paul delighted formed no part of the New Testament canon, recourse must be had to an older liturgy, one at once most human and divine. The book of Psalms became the hymn-book of the Reformed Churches, adapted to grave and solemn music, in metrical translations, whose one aim and glory it was to render into measures which could be sung, the very words of the old Hebrew Psalms. By what ingenious transpositions and compressions of words and syllables this has been accomplished, is known to those who attend the Scotch Presbyterian services. Uniting all the sacred associations which two centuries of such a Church history as that of Scotland has gathered round its psalm-book, mingling it with echoes from mountain gatherings, and martyr prisons, and scaffolds, and joyful death-beds, probably no hymn-book could be half so musical and poetical to Scotch hearts as these strange, rough verses.

The Church of England is, in form, linked by ties far stronger and more numerous to the medi-

* Slightly abridged from "The Voice of Christian Life in Song, or Hymns and Hymn-writers of many Lands and Ages." We are glad to give place in our pages to such an appreciative and catholic article from the Baptist (English) Magazine.—ED. REPOS.

eval Church than to the Lutheran Churches of Germany, and the Marian exiles almost unanimously adopted the Calvinistic or Puritanical system. Thus, between Anglicanism and Puritanism, it happened that, till the last century, we can not be said to have any national, that is, any people's hymn-book at all. Probably, no living soul ever felt any enthusiasm for Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady; and, although some stray hymns have crept into our modern hymn-books from earlier days, till the eighteenth century we have no people's hymn-book; none, that is, that was placed on cottage tables beside the Bible, and sung when Christians met, and chanted beside the grave. The Wesleys seem to have been the first who gave a people's hymn-book to England; unless, indeed, we give that honor to Dr. Watts. Not, indeed, that England was silent during those two hundred years, or that the chain of holy song was ever altogether broken in our country. The English psalms, in the music of their own grand and touching prose, had a melody as much deeper to our ears than any metrical manufacture of the same, as the morning song of a thrush is than the notes of a caged bird which has been painfully taught to sing two or three tunes. These were repeated in village church and quiet home, making rich melody in the heart; and pealed through the old cathedrals to choral chant, in a language "understanded of all the people;" while in many a Puritan congregation the heroic purposes of the heart, the individuality of the Puritan faith, which made every hymn sung as by each worshiper "alone to God," must have breathed poetry into any verses, and fused them by inward fire into a music no external polish could give.

Many a solitary voice also poured its lay apart, enough to make a joyous chorus to those heavenly listeners who hear altogether. Still there was no people's hymn-book; no hymns which the babe could lisp, and the dying rejoice in, linking together, by the power of simple truth, the cradle and the death-bed. The language of sacred poetry, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was too subtle and fanciful ever to come home to the hearts of the people. In spirit evangelical, they were in form like the Latin verses of the later medieval hymn-writers, written for a choice few to enjoy, and full of those subtle allusions, half the pleasure of which consists in the ingenuity required to understand, as well as to invent them. Such hymns could never be sung by little children at Christmas, like Luther's, or become a nation's battle-song, or sweetly distill peace at moments when flesh and heart failed, and mental

effort was become impossible—clinging round the soul, as it were, by their own simple power, when the soul had lost its power to cling to any thing. At such times the very minds which framed them must surely have fallen back upon the psalms and hymns, however rough their setting. These ingenious poems have become obsolete, which deeper things can not. The fashion of this world was on them, and they have passed away. While the name of Luther is ever to us, in England, a household name, and the hymns of the first reformers are reprinted fresh, as at the first, in the latest German hymn-books, how many among us know any thing of the names of Gascoigne, Barnaby, Barnes, Lok, Hunnis, or Rowlands, who wrote sacred poetry in the days of good Queen Bess? The rich old English, and the deep thought, and quaint fancies of that wonderful period, shine out in many of those forgotten pages; but they bear witness to the piety or the poetical power of the writer, rather than to the faith of the times. Though not echoed back like the hymns of Luther or Gerhardt by the hearts of thousands, they are at least parts in the great service of song, which has its sweet solitary hymns, sung on through the night, as well as its grand choral bursts at morning.

At last the strong hand of Elizabeth lay powerless; and through the reigns of the Stuarts England passed on to the rebellion and the firm rule of Oliver Cromwell. The reign of euphuism died out; sacred music must cast aside the fair trappings of the golden age, and lay down the lyre, to chant strains preluded by the trumpet, interrupted by cannon, and often echoed from prisons and scaffolds. All the contrary elements in the English Church and state, which in their passive condition neutralized one another, sprang into activity; any difference became a dispute; the electricity which, in calm weather, quickened life exploded in thunder-storms. Yet, from both sides, amidst the din, the old psalm flowed on, pierced the clamor with its music, and reaching us long after the echoes of the storm have died away. George Herbert, from his country parsonage ministering to the poor; blind John Milton, secretary of the Protector, and scorn of the court at the Restoration; Richard Baxter, true pastor of the flock at Kidderminster; Bishop Ken, the Nonjuror—these are the voices which carry on the song of peace through that time of strife.

With the eighteenth century, however, the history of English hymn-books must begin. The two earliest names on the long list of that century link the story of the faith in England to that of the persecuted Protestants on the conti-

nent in an interesting way. Dr. Watts, born in 1674, was descended, through his mother, from a Huguenot family, driven from France by the persecutions in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. And Dr. Doddridge, doubtless in his childhood, when his mother had finished the Bible lesson from the pictured Dutch tiles, would often ask for the story of her father's—Dr. John Baumann—flight from Bohemia, with his little store of money bound up in his girdle, and Luther's German Bible for all his heritage. Traditions of other ancestral wrongs and faithfulness deepened the early piety of the two great Nonconformist hymn-writers; the pathetic stories of those patient sufferings for conscience' sake, which, next to the martyrdoms of Mary's reign, form the most thrilling chapter of our English Protestantism—stories, not then condensed into national history, but which the sufferers themselves yet lived to tell; for Dr. Watts's mother also had her tales of her son's own infancy, when his father lay in prison for his convictions, and she had sat on the stones by his prison door with her first-born in her arms. There had been other reasons besides the dearth of writers why the Puritans could have no hymn-books. They had to choose their places of meeting in secluded corners, to set watches outside the door, and let their prayers and praises be so soft that no enemy might hear and betray them. The times changed much during the life of these two men. The Stuarts were finally dethroned. Dissenting academies began to flourish, and the heroic period of Nonconformity passed away. When, at length, Dr. Watts died in a tranquil old age at Abney Park, in 1748, and was buried among many of his persecuted friends and predecessors in Bunhill Fields, a respectable concourse of spectators attended the funeral; and Dr. Doddridge, when at the age of fifty-one consumption had laid him low on his death-bed on a foreign shore, was followed by the sympathy of good men of all ecclesiastical parties in his native land. It is interesting to know that Watts's hymn-book, which the dying Doddridge found in a friend's house at Lisbon, was the solace of his last days of suffering.

The lives of these two singers were alike in their calm and sunny peacefulness. Dr. Watts lived without care, under the hospitable roof of Sir Thomas Abney, combining the tranquillity of a hermit's life with the cheerfulness of the social circle. Doddridge lived surrounded by his affectionate family and his pupils in a comfortable old English country house at Northampton. Both seemed to have learned from the traditions of persecutions in their family what persecution teaches

to few—to forbear. They did what good they could in their own circle, and wrote hymns which all English Christians unite in singing, and which, however defective in literary finish, fulfill their great mission, being lisped by infancy, and murmured on the death-bed, welcome alike in the cottage and the palace, wherever sorrow melts men to prayer, or Christian joys awaken them to praise.

Among the foretastes of better things, and the illustrations of the true unity of the Church of Christ, is the quiet combination, at the end of many prayer-books, of the hymns of the Nonjuring Bishop Ken and the Nonconformist Dr. Doddridge. There is certainly no small pleasure in beholding the various sections of the Church of England unconsciously unite in praising God in strains which flowed first from minds too far apart at either extreme to be included within it. If it is true, as reported, that Bishop Ken said it would enhance his joy in heaven to listen to his evening and morning hymns sung by the faithful on earth, we may be sure that pleasure would not be marred by hearing blended with them, as "the fair white cloth" is spread, and the worshipers prepare to celebrate "the exceeding great love of our Master and only Savior Jesus Christ," the hymn of the Nonconformist minister—

"My God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup o'erflow."

Serenely, through peaceful times, did these two good men, Doddridge and Watts, pass along their tranquil course to their quiet end, evermore to

"Bathe the weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest."

Less tranquil days followed, and very different was the career of the writers of the next great English people's hymn-book.

In the first years of the century, while Dr. Doddridge, during his solitary childhood, was learning from his mother's lips, in their house in London, how the God who led Israel through the wilderness rescued his exiled grandfather from Bohemia—while the first edition of Dr. Watts's hymn-book was being bought up in a single year—John and Charles Wesley were spending their childhood in the country parsonage at Epworth in Lincolnshire.* The old Puritan blood ran also in their veins; and their father's grandfather and father had both been ejected ministers, his father many times in prison on account of Nonconformity. Their mother's father, Dr. An-

* John Wesley was born in 1703, Dr. Doddridge in 1702, and the first edition of Dr. Watts's hymns appeared and was sold in 1709.

nesley, was also one of the original Nonconformists, a man of whom his daughter said, that for forty years his deep sense of peace with God had never been broken, and at last died murmuring, "When I awake in thy likeness I shall be satisfied—satisfied!" But their own early leanings were to the opposite of dissent. They looked to Thomas à Kempis as a guide, rather than to the Puritan divines. It was not till after long years of painful toilings to reach and please God, that the Wesleys became as little children, and learned that God had first loved them, had redeemed them by the blood of his Son, and freely accepted them in him. But when they were taught this liberating truth of present pardon and adoption, and found that the Shepherd of the sheep is also the door of the fold, and came straight to him, and proved that the Sun of the heavenly city is also the sun of the believing soul, their hearts could not contain their joy. The peace of God came to them, not as quiet blessedness, unconsciously flowing into their hearts through a mother's lips, but as an overwhelming joy, setting them free from a hard bondage. It was to them no hereditary possession which they were thankful to be allowed to enjoy in tranquillity, and which they would share with any one who asked for it; it was news—good news direct from heaven, glad tidings of great joy for all—which all must know. And through the length and breadth of England and Ireland, across the Atlantic to America, the brothers went up and down for half a century to tell it. They were pelted, threatened, mocked, defamed. They were called Jesuits, Jacobites, blasphemers, and fanatics. Houses in which they rested were besieged and unroofed. They were driven from a Church dearer to them than any thing but the souls of men; one of the most orderly and methodical of human beings was forced into the life of an itinerant preacher. But the good news spread; riots spread it, persecution proclaimed it. The death-sleep of Socinianism, into which Churchmen and dissenters alike were falling, was broken; the hearts of thousands were awakened; and the morning hymn of rejoicing multitudes went up to that Sun of righteousness which had arisen with healing in his wings. In one place where an enraged crowd rushed into the house where John Wesley was resting, he addressed them with such affectionate faithfulness—appealing to the "thirst" which lay deep in their souls below their opposition—that the disorderly mob became a peaceful congregation, and tears of penitence streamed over the faces of the ringleaders. It was out of lives such as these that the Wesleyan Hymn-Book

was distilled. One hymn was composed after a wonderful escape from an infuriated mob, another after a deliverance from a storm at sea, and all in the intervals of a life of incessant toil. The pressure of trial and the force of faith drew many a vigorous hymn from John Wesley; but it was Charles Wesley who poured forth the great mass of the Wesleyan hymns. When his life of beneficence and courageous conflict was almost over, it must have been a sight to call forth tears as well as smiles, to see the old gentleman—dressed in a winter costume, even in the height of summer—dismount from his old gray pony, and, leaving it in the little garden before his friend's house in the City Road, enter the parlor, card in hand, and note down the words of some sacred song which had been chiming through his heart.

Those hymns are sung now in collieries and copper mines. How many has their heavenly music strengthened to meet death in the dark coal pit; to how many dying hearts in the battlefield have they come back, as from a mother's lips; beside how many death-beds have they been chanted by trembling voices, and listened to with joy unspeakable; how many have they supplied with prayer and praise, from the first thrill of spiritual fear to the last rapture of heavenly hope! They have been a liturgy engraven on the hearts of the poor; they have borne the name of Jesus far and wide, and have helped to write it deep on countless hearts. England is no more without a people's hymn-book.

But all this time, while the Wesleys and the Whitefields were evangelizing far and wide, other instruments for the great choral service were being molded elsewhere. From the gentle but tortured spirit of Cowper the glad tidings of grace and redemption drew, in the intervals of his terrible malady, those trembling but immortal notes of praise which are more pathetic than any complainings; for often, when he was weeping those touching words on the very bosom of the Father, it seemed to him as if they were echoing unheard through the wastes of the far country. And, meanwhile, John Newton, mate of the slaver, guarded amidst all his sins from worse by the recollection of a pious mother, was receiving his training. He was no man of genius, no born poet, like Cowper, but his common speech was raised into song by the glory of the message he had to tell, and his own joy in telling it. Thus, between those two natures, in themselves so diverse, was composed the Olney Hymn-Book, a river which welled from deep sources, and broke through many an adamant barrier "to make glad the city of God."

Countless other voices followed these, swelling the one chorus of praise. They were not, indeed, always consciously united on earth. It is only in later hymn-books that the names of Wesley and Toplady are united; and those who, living, contended in very fierce controversy, being dead, now speak with one accord in two of our most treasured hymns, "Rock of Ages"—Toplady—and "Jesus, lover of my soul"—Wesley. And so that generation passed away, to learn in heaven the full meaning of the words they had been singing; and left to England a rich heritage of sacred song, simple and homely, yet deep as truth, to blend with earlier psalms which had descended to us from the olden time.

TO DONATI'S COMET OF 1858.

BY NELLIE W. STEELE.

BRIGHT, burning orb! Mysterious visitant!
Circling with march sublime o'er trackless paths
Of space unmeasured, and leaving in thy wake
A flood of golden light; with wonder, awe,
And silent admiration, I behold,
And reverently the holy One adore.

What art thou?

To my untutored fancy thou dost seem
Some newly-lighted sun—just touched with fire
From off the censer of the great "I Am"—
A radiant luminary, sweeping on
To cheer and gladden with effulgent light
Some new-born world—revolving now perchance
Upon a sunless path.

And yet, again, methinks thou art
A flaming beacon for angelic bands—
A wandering torch-light gleaming in the
Rayless void, and brightening up its dark,
Untraversed fields—at his behest who speaks—
And light fulfills his word.

Or yet,

As superstition's oracles divine,
The besom of destruction—missile dread—
Hurled by vindictive Justice, rushing on
Past suns and systems in thy fearful course,
To crush some sister orb—some starry sphere
Now twinkling faintly in the distant blue,
And all unconscious of impending death.
Erratic fire! where hast thou been since first
Thy airy flight began? What changes seen
Upon thy mystic march? Worlds back to chaos
Driven, and from its depths still fairer orbs
Succeeding? Hast caught the song of "morning stars,"
The pean-notes that swelled the "shout of joy,"
As brightest spheres rolled from their Maker's hand?
Hast heard the wail of woe—the saddened strain—
As rebel worlds forsook their shining walks?
I know not what thou art, strange type amid
The glowing charact'ry of heaven—nor what
Thy burning rounds have been—nor yet may know.
All vainly wond'ring Speculation thumbs
The tomes of storied lore; Conjecture stops;
And Fancy ceases in her wayward play.

But still I know, thou flaming orb of light,
My Father's hand hath formed thee—his power
Upholds, his word sustains, his will directs
Thy flying path.

I gaze upon thee—bend my ear
To catch the rushing music of thy way;
And to my spirit's sense there seems to come
The far-off cadence of thy harmony—
And my full soul, in hushed and grateful awe,
Joins in thy swelling anthem. My glad song
Responds to thine: "Unto the mighty One
All praise—unceasing praise."

LIFE.

BY MRS. E. A. R. MITCHELL.

"A wind that passeth away, and cometh not again."

SHE came in the sweet morning,
And her eyes were starry bright;
They opened in our bosoms
A world of joy and light—
But like a morning zephyr,
That passes quickly by,
Our darling, baby sister,
Hath only lived to die.

In the flush of womanhood,
The warmth of life's noontide,
The loved and loving stood,
A gentle, trusting bride—
But like the breeze of noonday,
Laden with rich perfume,
Quietly she passed away
To the shadow of the tomb.

'T was evening when we gathered
Round a dear mother's bed,
And pillow'd on our bosom
Her worn and aching head—
Her life's brief day was over;
This was the night of death;
The calm wind floated by us,
And with it her last breath.

Life! Life! a wind that passeth,
And cometh not again!
Then why thus fondly cling
To aught so brief and vain?
We look to thee, our Father,
From mortal life away,
And O, for all our dear ones,
Eternal life we pray.

A GRAIN OF MUSK.

BY A. J. H.

I DROPPED a single grain of musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by, the chamber still
Retained the same perfume.
So every deed approved of God,
Where'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind
That shall forever last.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

JESUS THE WAY.—*"I am the way."* John xiv, 6.

My friend, dost thou wish to come to God? wouldst thou learn the way? Jesus says to you, "I am the way." Jesus is God's way to you; your way to God. He is the way to the Father's heart, to the Father's hand, and to the Father's heaven. And he is the only way: God knows no other; there is no other. "For through him," through him alone, "we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

A Wesleyan pastor was recently called to minister to a dying member of his flock. Though for some time a seeker she had not obtained the clear testimony of the favor of God. She was now very ill, and nearing her end; and the future, the eternal future, filled her with alarm. Her godly friends had endeavored to show her the way of faith in Christ crucified; but she could not apprehend, she remained in the dark. "I sat down," said he, "by her bedside, and slowly and prayerfully read the opening verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. John. I came to the sixth verse and read, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' I read it a second time, and again. Light from the Lord shone into the woman's mind. Feeble though she was, she sprang up in bed, stretched forth her emaciated hand, and cried out, 'I see it, sir! I see it! Jesus is the way! Jesus is the only way!' She at once trusted in the Redeemer, and was made happy." After this she lived only two days; but dying she sent this message to her pastor, "Tell him that I go to heaven through Jesus Christ the way."

Doubting Christian! would you come to the Father? Jesus is the way. Unsanctified believer! would you come? Jesus is the way, and he can save to the "uttermost." Heir of salvation! wouldst thou enter heaven—thy "Father's house?" Jesus is the way, and he says, "Where I am there may ye be also."

My friend, do you see the way? The woman said, "I see it, sir! I see it!" Now do you see it? She came to the Father through Jesus, and obtained pardon, holiness, and heaven. But do you see Jesus to be the way? Then come, come! Perhaps you also have met in class for a long time, and are still unpardoned. Is it so? Form can not save you; you need Christ. And now why tarriest thou? "Arise, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." Enter "the new and living way," and you shall be brought nigh to God. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

GIVE AN ACCOUNT TO GOD.—*"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."* Romans xiv, 12.

The late Rev. Herbert Mends, of Plymouth, speaking of his early religious impressions, says, "If any particu-

lar circumstance might be considered as making a more deep, lasting, and serious impression, than others, it was a dream which I had when at school at Ottery. I felt the apprehension of the approach of the last great judgment-day. I well remember all the attending circumstances; and observed that they were perfectly corresponding to the description of that awful event recorded in the Gospel of Matthew. After I had perceived vast multitudes of the human race appearing before the throne of Christ, some being approved, and others rejected, I at length beheld my beloved father and mother, and several of the family, summoned to appear. Great agitation was awakened in my breast; but I heard them distinctly examined, and as distinctly heard the Judge say, 'Well done,' etc. At this period, my whole soul was filled with horror indescribable, being conscious that I was not prepared to pass my final scrutiny. At length my name was announced, and I felt all the agonies of a mind fully expecting to be banished from the presence of God, and the glory of his power. The Judge then, with a stern countenance, and in language which struck me with mingled shame and hope, said, 'Well, what sayest thou?' I fell at his feet, and implored mercy, and uttered these words: 'Lord, spare me yet a little longer, and when thou shalt call for me again I hope to be ready.' With a smile, which tranquilized my spirits, the Lord replied, 'Go, then, and improve the time given thee.' The extreme agitation of my mind awoke me. But so deep was the impression that I have never forgotten it; indeed, I soon after arose and committed the whole to paper, with many other attendant circumstances, not proper to be here recorded.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.—*"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord."* Romans xiv, 8.

The following lines, which Dr. Doddridge wrote on the motto of his family arms, have been much admired, as expressing, in a lively and pointed manner, the genuine spirit of a faithful servant of God. Dr. Johnson, when speaking of this epigram, praised it as one of the finest in the English language. "While we live, let us live," was the motto of the family arms, on which the Doctor wrote—

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view, let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live to thee."

THE CHRISTIAN KNOWN OF GOD.—*"If any man love God, the same is known of him."* 1 Cor. viii, 3.

An aged Christian, in great distress of mind, was once complaining to a friend of his miserable condition; and,

among other things, said, "That which troubles me most is, that God will be dishonored by my fall." His friend hastily caught at this, and used it for the purpose of comforting him: "Art thou careful of the honor of God? And dost thou think that God hath no care of thee, and of thy salvation? A soul forsaken of God cares not what becomes of the honor of God; therefore be of good cheer; if God's heart were not toward thee, thine would not be toward God, or toward the remembrance of his name."

THOU SHALT SAVE THY HUSBAND.—"*What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?*" 1 Cor. vii, 16.

A lady in Germany, who had been a sincere follower of Christ, but whose husband was still unrenewed, was very much afflicted on his account, and told a clergyman that she had done all in her power in persuading and beseeching him to turn from his evil practices, to no effect. "Madam," said he, "talk more to God about your husband, and less to your husband about God." A few weeks after the lady called upon him, full of joy that her prayers to God had been heard, and that a change was wrought upon her husband.

LESSONS OF GOD'S CARE TAUGHT BY NATURE.—"*Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?*" Matt. vi, 28-30.

The well-known traveler, Mungo Park, relates an incident concerning himself, which presents the passage just quoted in so striking a light that it deserves to be mentioned here. It shows how effectually, under certain circumstances, the flowers of the field may convey to a thoughtful mind the lessons which our Savior would have us derive from them. "One day," he says, "I found myself in the midst of a vast wilderness—it was one of the African deserts—in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from any European settlement. Whatever way I turned nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. Though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding hunger and fatigue, traveled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

"HUSKS" IN THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL.—"*And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.*" Luke xv, 16.

The word "husks" is an unfortunate translation of the Greek term for which it is employed. The word so rendered signifies "little horns," with reference to the extended and slightly-curved shape of the pods of the fruit

of the carob-tree; that fruit being the article of food which the prodigal is represented as having eaten. The carob-tree is found not only in Egypt and Syria, but in Greece, and other parts of southern Europe. It is a large tree, with a thick foliage and wide-spreading branches. I saw it growing, says Professor Hackett, on the Mount of Olives, and elsewhere around Jerusalem. The fruit is a leguminous product, resembling the pod of our locust-tree, but much larger: it has a sweetish pulp when tender, but soon becomes dry and hard, with small seeds, which rattle in the pod when shaken. It emits a slight odor when first gathered, offensive to those whom use has not accustomed to it. The poorer class of people employ it as food in the countries where it is produced. I was told at Smyrna that it is in great request in some of the Greek islands, as a nutritious article for fattening swine. It constituted a part of the provender—unless it was a very similar product—with which our camels were fed in traveling through the desert. I saw great quantities of this fruit exposed for sale in the market at Smyrna. Some specimens which I brought away with me averaged six and eight inches in length, though they are said to be often eight or ten inches long. It is not meant in the parable that the prodigal resorted to food absolutely fit only for swine; but that he who had been brought up in wealth and luxury was reduced to such want as to be obliged to subsist on the meanest fare.

LIGHT AND TRUTH.—"*O send out thy light and thy truth.*" Ps. cxliii, 3.

It is recorded of one of the reformers, that when he had acquitted himself in a public disputation with great credit to his Master's cause, a friend begged to see the notes which he had been observed to write, supposing that he had taken down the arguments of his opponents, and sketched the substance of his own reply. Greatly was he surprised to find that his notes consisted simply of these ejaculatory petitions, "More light, Lord—more light, more light!"

FORGIVENESS WITH GOD.—"*There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.*" Ps. cxxx, 4.

One Mr. Davies, a young man, being under religious impressions, opened his mind to Dr. Owen. In the course of conversation Dr. Owen said, "Young man, pray, in what manner do you think to go to God?" Mr. Davies replied, "Through the Mediator, sir." "That is easily said," observed Dr. Owen; "but I assure you, it is another thing to go to God through the Mediator, than many who make use of the expression are aware of. I myself preached some years, while I had but very little, if any, acquaintance with access to God through Christ, till the Lord was pleased to visit me with a sore affliction, by which I was brought to the brink of the grave, and under which my mind was filled with horror; but God was graciously pleased to relieve my soul by a powerful application of Ps. cxxx, 4. 'But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' From this text I received special light, peace, and comfort, in drawing near to God through the Mediator; and on this text I preached immediately after my recovery." Perhaps to this exercise of mind we owe Dr. Owen's excellent exposition of this Psalm.

ETERNITY is made up of moments; if you live the present moment well, you will live all eternity well.

Notes and Queries.

"WORDS SPILLED AS PRONOUNCED."—Self-defense is just. In the August number of the Ladies' Repository I gave a partial answer to number four Minor Queries of the May number, as follows: Behind, bifold, blind, blindfold, boll, both, bravado, deport, dido, do, dorado, droll, duo, forth, fro, gross, halo, he, holm, holt, hogo, joll, joso, juno, molt, ovolo, pluto, poll, polt, porch, pork, rebato—printed ribato—refined, remold, retold, roll, ruth, russ, she, sheol, shorn, sol, solo, sord, stroll, swoln, sword, tol, trio, troll, truth, tupelo, volt, whilst, yolk—in all fifty-five, from which, by B. D. A., twenty-two have been excluded, namely, boll, gross, joll, poll, roll, russ, stroll, troll, both, forth, porch, ruth, she, sheol, shorn, truth, whilst, juno, dido, sword, trio, yolk.

The word *toll* is in his first list. Taking it as a standard I added the words excluded, in which are double letters. Ribato is a typographical error. It should have been rebato. Dodo is given by B. D. A. It is defined by Webster, "The didus, a genus of large birds generally supposed to be extinct; their very existence has been doubted." If the names of birds *extinct*, and whose *very existence is doubted*, are admitted, may not the names of planets and heathen deities, the names of any thing? Supposing they might, I gave juno, pluto, dido. By Webster, sword, trio, whilst, yolk, are pronounced as spelled. The scales for determining the "preponderance" in his day must have been incorrect; or the "established practice of the best speakers and writers" was unknown by him.

The words containing ch, sh, th, have no authority from the standard of B. D. A. Of the twenty-two excluded, rebato, juno, dido, sword, trio, whilst, yolk, must be returned. The words containing ll, ss, remain out, because *toll* in B. D. A.'s list was a misprint.

A. J. M.

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.—I have read somewhere the following story with regard to this memorable place, which may serve to account for its fame as much as the local circumstance of its being at the northern extremity of the British kingdom. In the reign of James IV, of Scotland, three brothers, Malcom, Gavin, and John O'Groat—supposed to have been originally from Holland—arrived in Caithness with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in Caithness. These brothers bought some land near Duncansby Head, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, establishing an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of precedence at the table and elsewhere, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John O'Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had hitherto enjoyed, owing to the harmony which existed among them; he assured them that as soon as they ap-

peared to quarrel among themselves, their neighbors, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them and expel them from the country; he, therefore, conjured them, by the ties of blood and mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future at their anniversary meetings. They all acquiesced and departed in peace. In due time John O'Groat, to fulfill his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses in an octagonal figure with eight doors, and placed an oaken table of the same shape in the middle. The next meeting took place: he desired each of the chiefs to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of table, he himself occupying the last. By this contrivance, similar to the ingenious device of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, the harmony and good humor of the company were restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House; and though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name and perpetuates the fame of its founder. †

THE SUN NORTH OF AN EAST AND WEST LINE.—The following is an answer to Query of L. N., page 564, September number, Vol. XVIII, of the Ladies' Repository:

Two things must be considered. First. The distance of the earth from the sun. Second. That the axis of the earth is inclined $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to the plane of its orbit.

East and west lines are the equator passing round the earth at right angles to its axis and 90° from each pole, and parallels to the equator any distance from it either north or south.

On the 21st of June the relative position of the earth to the sun is such that the north pole is inclined toward the sun $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; hence when the sun is at the horizon it appears $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of any east and west line—of any east and west line, because of its distance from the earth; for were the distance limited to a certain extent, other conditions the same, the sun would appear north of the equator and south of our own—fortieth degree of latitude.

A. J. M.

MATHEMATICAL PARADOX.—To prove one equal to two. Solution.—Let $x=a$. 1st Equation. Then, 2d. $x^2=ax$, multiplying 1st by x . 3d. $x^2-a^2=ax-a^2$, subtracting a^2 from each member of 2d. 4th. $x+a=a$, dividing each member of 3d by $x-a$. 5th. $a+a=a$, by subtraction. 6th. $2a=a$, combining first member of 5th. 7th. $2=1$, dividing 6th by a .

Will you, Mr. Editor, or some one of your mathematical querists, please point out the error in the above solution, if there is one? J. C. W.

BEECH-TREES NO PROTECTION AGAINST LIGHTNING.—In the October number of the Repository a correspondent says that beech-trees are non-conductors of electricity. This is entirely a mistake. At least two facts to the contrary have come under my observation. In childhood, at the village school which I attended, I was accustomed to play under a beech-tree which had been scathed by lightning; and nearly opposite my residence still

stands a beech under which a neighbor took shelter from a storm, when it was struck with the lightning, stunning though not injuring him. Let me advise the readers of the Repository not to trust to beech-trees in a storm for protection. I am sure they are no safer than other trees of equal size.

S. W. W.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN ENGLAND.—The following dialogue, real or imaginary, says the English Notes and Queries, contains many remarkable expressions now current in Leicestershire; some perhaps peculiar to that county, or, at all events, likely to pass away and be forgotten, under the operation of a cause which is thus alluded to in the Quarterly Review:

"These provincialisms are now, of course, fast disappearing under the influence of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, national and other."

A. Is it true that the squire has taken those closen from you, and hurled them to Sims?

B. It's too true: I can't do with it: I can't sit down by it: I'm hurled out of the square.

A. Did you see the squire, and try to colloque him?

B. I did go, mysen; but he was nasty with me, and very stupid. I know he has got a very dirty lane to go down for serving me a-that-ens.

A. M'appen he thought you had no docity.

B. Docity, indeed! he never knew me to be gizzling, or slithering about: I never set false lights; I was always solid; I had a vast of stuff off the land: I was boog over it.

A. Ay, you was boog, but he was blink; but, I say, how about your beasts getting into Sims's close?

B. Well, if they did, I did not know to it; I am not sure now that that close does belong Sims.

A. It can't be helped now. Is Mary well?

B. She holds mending, but nows and thens she hurls up: the leg that was broke has taken good ways, indeed she is gone service and likes, but she can not do what she used to could.

A. Can you do with three of us, if we come your way on Sunday?

B. O yes, the door sha'n't be made. I do n't intend to moonshine, or go i'th' huddlings.

A. I must be moving.

B. So must I.

OLD PROVERBIAL PHRASES.—In S Shacklock's Hatchet of Heresies, Antwerp, 1565, occur the following proverbial phrases, many of which are still in common use. The readers of "N. & Q." may think that "when found make a note of" should be held to extend to them.

"Do not these thynges differ as much as Chalcke and Chese."

"Playne as a pyke staff."

"Will you nil you."

"Labored 'with tothe and nayle."

"Whilst they tell for truthe Luther his lowde lyes, so that they may make theyr blinde brotherhode and the ignorant sort beleue that the 'mone is made of grene chese."

"Prowde as peckockes."

"It is but a tale of a tub which is reported."

"It is not worthe a strawe."

"At the last, when he perceaued that neither by fayre nor foule meanes he coulede fraye them from theyr purpose, he gaue them all up to the dyuell."

"But it is a world to see howe the Lutherans do byto and scratche one another."

"You, therefore, and none other, haue espyed the pythe of the matter, and haue lept lustely at my throte."

"They toke the matter so in the snuffe that they were not farr from raying an uprore."

"As we see howe many tymes Melancthon hath turned his cote."

"Now judge you for so muche as they do so bycker among themselves, not aboute the mone shyne in the water."

"Yet Brentius . . . made such a styrr as thoughte he woulde haue throwen the howse oute of the wyndowe."

"If they set all theire mynde upon pleasure, if they loke to the lyeking of theire owne fyngers."

"Now haue you such a brazen face, M. Brentius."

Add to which, from Sir T. More's "How a Sergeant would learn to Playe the Frere"—

"Then on the gronde

Togyder rounde

With manye a sadde stroke,

They roll and rumble,

They turne and tumble,

As pigges do in a poke."

THE CHINESE HERDBOY'S SONG.—This curious specimen of Chinese idyls is thus rendered, by an unknown writer, verse by verse:

"We lead our herds to the east or west, to the pastures far and near;

No one hinders and no one goads us, passing the time as we list;

Calling to each other to cut the green bamboo, and make our new style pipes;

Or, ranged in rows, we part the sedgy grass, our old rain-cloaks to mend;

Or thus at our ease, with wetted hands, we twist the heifer's cord,

Tuning our voices and learning our lays, to sing the herdman's song.

Once and again we laugh, pointing to the troubled rich man, saying,

'Your legs unceasing travel back and forth, what can the matter be?'

The back of a horse with that of a cow, for sureness won't compare,

By groves and fountains in the coppice deep, there at our ease we play."

WITH AND BY.—"He was killed, *by* a cannon-ball," should be, He was killed *with* a cannon-ball. He was killed *by* the man who fired the cannon.

MINOR QUERIES.—1. Why will not the mercury, in a circular thermometer, change its position from the degree indicated by the temperature of the atmosphere when turned in any direction?

2. As the billows of the lake come rolling in upon the shore, one after another, what law in nature constitutes every third one the largest? The fact we have often noticed; but who can, among your readers, explain the cause?

3. If the moon be an opaque body, like our earth, what constitutes its brilliancy in reflecting the light of the sun? Is it our atmosphere? or the atmosphere of the moon? Tell us, ye men of science!

4. Will you, or some of your correspondents, tell us why, in the abbreviation LL. D., for the title Doctor of Laws—*Legum Doctor*—two L's occur? P. R. S.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

ELECTRIC SPEED.—If our globe were entirely encompassed by a metallic thread, such as that already laid down between Europe and America, an electric current could make the tour of it in less than a second; and we can therefore fairly say that communications between the most distant points of the earth would be instantaneous. Such a velocity as this makes the motion of the sun, which it leaves far behind, seem slow; for the sun, in its apparent motion, passes over only about 1,050 miles—fifteen degrees—in an hour.

FINE SHAWLS.—In Bokhara the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of the body is growing. This fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fiber is lost; it is put by till there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness, and when it is dyed all manner of colors, and woven into strips eight inches wide, of shawl patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our schools of design and study of art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewed together so cunningly that no European can discover the joints. They are then taken fifteen hundred miles to the borders of Russia and sold.

JEWISH LONGEVITY.—The modern Israelites, we are informed by Herr Gatters, have a longer life of it than modern Christians. During twenty-three years M. Gatters has been gathering statistics on this head in Wisselburg; and he finds that as infants, as boys, and as adults, Jews live longer than Christians. He attributes their long life to some peculiarity of race; but it is probable their money has something to do with it. A pauper Jew is an unheard-of thing, and poverty and short life have a well-known relation.

BOOKS.—It is said that 35,000,000 of Webster's Elementary Spelling Book have been sold; that its annual issue is over 1,000,000; while some 3,000,000 of his Dictionaries are annually circulated. Of Mitchell's geographical books there is a probable issue of one thousand per day, and of Professor Davies's mathematical series 300,000 were sold in 1857. There were sold of Livingstone's Travels in South Africa 10,000 copies; of Kane's Arctic Explorations, 65,000; while dropping down to fiction, we find that the serials of Dickens have a sale of 85,000; that 310,000 copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin were sold; 70,000 Fern Leaves, and 45,000 of the Life of Barnum.

There is a dark side to this picture. Speaking of the sale of pernicious works, a cotemporary says: "Should the statistics on this subject ever be published, the good citizen would lose hope for the morals and principles of the rising generation. An investigation made by a committee of the house of commons in 1851, showed that the sale of immoral and infidel publications amounted to twenty-nine millions annually. And we have reason to believe that an *expose* in this country would be scarcely less appalling."

THE HEBREWS.—The Jewish nation, dispersed in almost every part of the globe, without forming any where an independent nation, amounted in numbers, in 1858, to 4,658,890 individuals, not comprising 30,060 Samaritans

and 1,200 Ishmaelites, which would make a total of 4,690,000 persons. The total number of Jews in Europe is stated at 2,451,179, making the one hundred and tenth part of the whole population of Europe at the late census.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The anniversary for the current year was held in Boston, October 17th and 18th. The exercises of the second day consisted in a conference meeting of ministers and superintendents, their experience in Sabbath schools, etc. Several of the superintendents gave statistics of the conversion of pupils during the past year, showing very conclusively that early in life is the time for religious impressions to be made, as well as the time to obtain Christ. The first American Sabbath school, said brother Wise in his report, was planted in Hanover county, Virginia, by Francis Asbury, 1786. In 1827 the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. In 1840 it was reorganized on its present basis. In eleven years we have made a net gain of 5,100 schools, 60,000 officers and teachers, and 320,000 scholars, while not less than 150,000 children have been converted. The present strength of the Union is as follows: 11,500 schools, 125,000 officers and teachers, 650,000 scholars. There are over 2,000,000 of volumes in the various Sunday school libraries, and annually 4,800,000 copies of the Sunday School Advocate are circulated. There are 1,200 volumes on the catalogue; and in 1857 \$13,000 was donated to fifteen hundred new and needy schools in the United States, Germany, Africa, and South America.

EXTENT OF TELEGRAPH LINES.—The Merchants' Magazine says that there are in operation 107,150 miles of telegraphic lines, of which America has nearly as much as the rest of the whole world combined, namely, 45,000 miles. It is estimated that 4,000,000 messages pass over the American lines annually, yielding, probably, a net revenue of \$6,000,000. There are nine hundred and fifty miles of submarine telegraph cable now in use, exclusive of the Atlantic cable.

POPEY IN ENGLAND.—In 1829 the number of Popish priests in Britain was 477; in 1858 they are 1,204; being an increase of 727. In 1829 the number of Popish chapels was 449; now they are 902; being an increase of 453. In 1829 we had no monasteries; now we have 27. We had no nunneries in 1829; now we have 109.

WEARING APPAREL.—The London Medical Times contains an article on wearing apparel by Dr. Collier, who has been investigating scientifically the nature of different habiliments as agents for protecting soldiers against high heat. By placing a thin layer of white cotton over a soldier's red woolen cloth coat, exposed to the sun in India, a fall of seven degrees in its temperature soon took place; hence he recommends that the colored clothing of soldiers should be covered with white cotton cloth when they are marching in the hot sunshine. All kinds of clothing he found were capable of absorbing a quantity of moisture from the body. Woolen cloth absorbs the greatest amount, and cotton the least. From this we should conclude that cotton flannel was better than

woolen flannel for under garments, an opinion quite contrary to the one generally entertained. The color of clothing has very little sensible influence in reference to the heat of the body, leaving solar heat out of the question. Black, white, red, blue, and brown clothes are equally warm, their composition and texture being equal in all other respects.

THE MARCH OF MIND.—During the seventeenth century the patents granted for inventions in England were 250; in the next hundred years they amounted to 2,500, and in the first fifty years of the present century they amounted to 250,000.

LONG TERMS OF SERVICE.—There are now eleven men engaged with Messrs. Harper and Brothers, the united term of whose employ is 308 years, another eleven whose term is 226 years, a third eleven 220 years, and a fourth eleven 174 years. Of these, seven have been with them respectively 37, 36, 28, 25, 24, 23, and 22 years; two each 34 years, and three each 27 years.

CLASS MEETING AND CHOIR SINGING.—A correspondent of a leading eastern journal says that choir singing is going into disuse among the English Baptists and Independents, and that an institution similar to the Methodist class meeting is rapidly coming into vogue. The leading men of these denominations complain that under their present system they have scarcely any facilities for spiritual intercourse. Church meetings once a month, and prayer meetings once a week are thinly attended by the Independents and Baptists, and hence the desire to get rid of routine and general lifelessness.

GERMAN METHODISM.—Dr. Nast publishes in the several Christian Advocates a statistical article in regard to the German Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States and Germany, from which we learn that the present number of German Methodists in this country, irrespective of those belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is 18,831. The membership in Germany is 1,089, making the total 19,920, or in round numbers 20,000. It is but a little over twenty years since the conversion of Dr. Nast, who may justly be styled the founder of the German Methodist Episcopal Church. The rate of increase then has been about one thousand each year. A fact in regard to our German brethren is this, that the poorest give something to the support of the Gospel, and a second one is, that the average sum paid by them to the ministry, the missionary cause, etc., is very largely in advance of that paid by the English brethren. The total increase the past year in the ten German conferences was 2,414.

BRITISH RELIGIOUS PAPERS.—The postal circulation of the religious papers of Great Britain is as follows. Perhaps as many of each publication pass through the country by railway *unstamped*. Let the number, therefore, in each case be doubled:

Record—Church of England, Evangelical—	3,004	each issue.
Guardian—	“	High Church—3,424
Clerical Journal—	“	Broad Church—1,625
Brit. Standard—Independ., Dr. Campbell's—	2,058	“
Watchman—Wesleyan Conference—	2,020	“
Witness—Free Church of Scotland—	2,000	“
Advertiser—Scotch Established—	774	“
Scottish Press—United Presbyterian—	577	“
Nonconformist—Radical Independent—	1,771	“
Freeman—Baptist—	1,654	“
British Banner—Independent—	462	“
Wesleyan Times—Wesleyan Reformers—	693	“

It will be seen that the entire postal circulation of such papers in England is only about 20,000, which is less

than several of our leading papers have singly. Religious newspapers began in America, and have here attained greater influence than elsewhere. The oldest is probably the Herald of Gospel Liberty, and the oldest Methodist paper is the Zion's Herald, Boston.

THE EARTH'S POPULATION.—Herr Deitrich, a Berlin University professor, of high repute, estimates the present population of the globe at twelve hundred and eighty-three millions. He distributes this population as follows: Population of Europe, 272,000,000; of Asia, 720,000,000; of America, 200,000,000; of Africa, 89,000,000; of Australia, 2,000,000. Total population of the globe, 1,283,000,000. About thirty-two millions die annually!

STRENGTH OF BANK NOTE PAPER.—Some interesting experiments have been made with a view of testing the strength of bank-note paper. Sheets were drawn at random from some five hundred sheets of each specimen, and their strength tested both lengthwise or by perpendicular strain, and crosswise, or by transverse strain, also with and without sizing. One of these experiments was with paper weighing fourteen pounds to the ream. The first sheets used were each halved and weighed, each half sheet being folded double when tested. A half sheet weighing 3,165 grammes, having 64.81 square inches to support the strain, stood a perpendicular strain of 20.5 pounds. Without sizing and weighing by its loss 3,070 grammes, it stood a strain of 100.5 pounds. For a transverse strain, a half sheet weighing 3,227 grammes, with 53.3776 square inches, stood a strain of 254.5 pounds. Without sizing and weighing 3,085 grammes, it stood the strain of 146.5 pounds.

ILLUMINATING MATERIALS.—It has been found, by experiment, that lights of the same intensity, from different substances, take different periods to vitiate the same quantity of air, by converting it into carbonic acid. Rape oil, 71 minutes; olive oil, 72; Russian tallow, 76; stearic acid, 77; wax candles, 79; spermaceti candles, 83; common coal gas, 98; cannel coal gas, 152. Thus the cannel coal gas is proved to be the most healthy to burn.

THE INTERMENT OF SACRED ANIMALS IN EGYPT.—Cats were embalmed and buried where they died, except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of Bubastis; for we find their mummies at Thebes and other Egyptian towns, and the same may be said of hawks and ibises. At Thebes numerous ibis mummies are found, as well as in the well-known ibis mummy pit of Sakkara; and cows, dogs, hawks, mice, and other animals are found embalmed and buried at Thebes. They did not, therefore, carry all the cats to Bubastis, the shrew mice and hawks to Buto, or the ibis to Hermopolis. But it is very possible that persons whose religious scruples were very strong, or who wished to show greater honor to one of those animals, sent them to be buried at the city of the god to whom they were sacred, as individuals sometimes preferred having their bodies interred at Abydos, because it was the holy burial-place of Osiris. This explains the statement of Herodotus, as well as the fact of a great number of cat mummies being found at the Speos Artemidos, and the number of dog mummies in the Cynopolite nome, and of wolf mummies at Lycopolis. In some places the mummies of oxen, sheep, dogs, cats, serpents, and fishes, were buried in a common repository; but wherever particular animals were sacred, small tombs, or cavities in the rock, were made for their reception, and sepulchers were set apart for certain animals in the cemeteries of other towns.—*Raulinson's "Herodotus."*

Literary Notices.

WORDS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD; or, Martin Luther his own Biographer. Being Pictures of the Great Reformer, sketched mainly from his Own Sayings. By Charles Adams. New York: published by Carlton & Porter. 16mo., pp. 333.—This work, though not a biography, contains a series of life-like sketches of the illustrious Reformer, from his youth upward through his entire career. These sketches are illustrated by more than twenty wood engravings. It is a valuable book for the young, presenting the thoughts of the man of that age in his own words—words suited to awaken as well as interest their minds, and direct their aspirations to the highest good. It is peculiarly adapted to the general reader, as it can be taken up at any point and read in parts. And yet the whole forms almost a connected biography of the great Reformer. It is one of the books that ought to be scattered broadcast over the land. The "seeds of things," says the author, lie thickly strewn amid the history and words of Luther. Deeply suggestive will they be to Christian minds and hearts. These pictures of his noble career in the cause of truth and right can not fail to nerve the heart and impart ennobling impulses to the soul.

We had marked some specimens of these "Words," but are compelled to omit them for want of space.

REASONS FOR BECOMING A METHODIST. By Rev. J. Smith, for some years a member of the Close Communion Baptist Church; including a brief account of the Author's religious experience up to the time of his becoming a Methodist. 18mo., pp. 160. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Scormstedt & Poe. Price 30 cts.—In the preface the author has the following: "This volume is designed, in the first place, to answer the question, 'How came you to be a Methodist?' and second, it is intended to present at one view and in a brief and comprehensive manner the distinguishing features and excellences of Methodism, both in its doctrines and economy, together with some of the evidences of their Scriptural character and great efficiency." The seven chapters of the book are headed as follows: Sketch of Religious Experience; Comprehensive view of the Doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church; The Sacraments; Mode of Baptism; Open Communion; Opportunities for Spiritual Culture and for Usefulness; Fruits of Methodism. The style of Mr. Smith is chaste and forcible. Those who have not time to go over in detail the whole subject of baptism, and the doctrinal peculiarities of the Methodist Church, will find this little volume admirably suited to their wants. It has already had a very wide circulation, and is destined, from its low price, to a yet wider range of readers.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, and also Lindsay & Blakiston. 12mo., pp. 500. \$1.25. For sale by G. S. Blanchard, Cincinnati.—This work is finely gotten up, and is withal a very readable book. It is written in a gossiping, lively style; but the author possessed careful habits of observation and rare powers of description. The sketches of the places visited, including Marseilles, the

Alps, Corsica, Malta, Syria, Smyrna, Gallipolis, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and the thrilling incidents connected with the war then raging between England, France, and Turkey, combined against Russia, impart a stirring interest to the book. Mrs. Hornby resided with her husband, then commissioner to the Sublime Porte, for several years in and near Constantinople, and has here presented a graphic account of the mosques and mode of worship, the Harems, the Sultan, the Valley of Sweet Waters, the scenery of the Bosphorus, the gardens, the feasts and fasts, the school, and the customs of the east; also, of the Crimea, the Black Sea, and Sebastopol—immediately after its capture—and many other items of information found in no other work. We have beguiled several pleasant and profitable hours with this volume.

THE BALTIMORE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE has now become a fixed fact. In appearance, as well as in its editorial management, it is entitled to take rank among the first order of religious newspapers. We suppose it will be the organ of the two Baltimore conferences—especially representing the views of those conferences on the vexed question of slavery. The multiplication of our Church papers is not in itself desirable, as it must tend to limit their circulation and weaken their power. The Zion's Herald and the Northern Advocate, as well as some other of our Church papers, were originally established as the organs of their respective annual conferences. We are not, therefore, inclined to charge any conference that may establish such a journal with disloyalty to the Church. The Baltimore conferences are as much entitled to their special organ as northern New York, or New England, or any other special locality, if they choose to assume the responsibility of it. Still we must express our apprehension that no good can come out of the multiplication of our Church papers to so great an extent. Dr. T. E. Bond is the editor.

OLNEY SEMINARY, Richland county, Illinois. Principal, Rev. A. W. Mace, assisted by ten teachers. The first catalogue shows an attendance of two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen and ladies.

THE TEMPERANCE BOYS, A Sequel to "The Brandy Drops," by Aunt Julia, is a capital temperance story just issued by our Sunday School Union. It will do the "boys" good to read it. We trust it will soon find a place in all our Sunday school libraries.

OUR CHURCH PERIODICALS.—The time for the renewal of subscriptions and for getting new subscribers to our periodicals is at hand. We subjoin a list of them. We but respond to the universal verdict of the Church when we say that they were never conducted more ably than at the present time. This is saying much, especially when we remember the giants who have occupied the chairs editorial in past years. Nevertheless, it is said. We are sorry to drop from this list the National Magazine; but the Agents at New York, after consultation with the Book Committee, have determined upon its discontinuance. It is useless to speculate now upon the

causes of its want of success. Certainly it can not be attributed to any lack of ability on the part of the men—first Dr. Stevens and then Dr. Floy—who have had its editorial supervision; nor to any want of energy on the part of its publishers. We doubt whether as much effort has been made to extend the circulation of any other publication.

The Circular of the Publishers, relating to the Repository, will be found in the fly sheet connected with this number. The others are as follows:

1. *Methodist Quarterly Review*—Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., editor—\$2 per annum.
 2. *Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York city—\$1.50—Rev. A. Stevens, LL. D., editor; Rev. Dr. W. P. Strickland, assistant editor.
 3. *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati—\$1.50—Rev. C. Kingsley, D. D., editor; Rev. Erwin House, assistant editor.
 4. *Northern Christian Advocate*, Auburn, New York—\$1—Rev. F. G. Hibbard, editor.
 5. *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, Pittsburg, Penn.—\$1—Rev. Dr. I. N. Baird, editor.
 6. *North-Western Christian Advocate*, Chicago, Ill.—\$1.50—Rev. T. M. Eddy, editor.
 7. *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Mo.—\$1.50—Rev. J. Brooks, editor.
 8. *California Christian Advocate*, San Francisco, California—\$5—Rev. D. Thomas, editor.
 9. *Pacific Christian Advocate*, Salem, Oregon territory—\$3—Rev. T. H. Pearne, editor.
 10. *Zion's Herald*, Boston—\$1.50—Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., editor.
 11. *Christian Apologist*—German—Cincinnati—\$1—Rev. W. Nast, D. D., editor.
 12. *Sunday School Advocate*—25 cents for single copy; 20 cents in packages of ten or more copies—Rev. D. Wise, editor.
 13. *Sunday School Bell*—German—Cincinnati. 25 cts.
- We add the periodical force of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.
1. *Quarterly Review*, Nashville, Tennessee—\$2—Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., editor.
 2. *Home Circle*, Nashville—\$2—Rev. L. D. Huston, D. D., editor.
 3. *The Christian Advocate*, Nashville—\$1.50—Rev. H. N. M'Tyeire, editor.
 4. *Richmond Christian Advocate*—\$2—Rev. L. Roper, D. D., editor.
 5. *Southern Christian Advocate*, Charleston, South Carolina—\$2—Rev. E. H. Myers, editor.
 6. *North Carolina Christian Advocate*, Raleigh, North Carolina.
 7. *New Orleans Christian Advocate*—\$2—Rev. C. C. Gillespie, editor.
 8. *Texas Christian Advocate*, Galveston—\$2—Rev. J. E. Carnes, editor.
 9. *Memphis and Arkansas Christian Advocate*, Memphis, Tennessee—\$2—Rev. Samuel Watson, editor.
 10. *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Missouri.

11. *The Pacific Methodist*, San Francisco, California.
12. *The Evangelische Apologete*, Galveston, Texas.
13. *Sunday School Visitor*, Nashville.

Summing up we find that the entire periodical force of Methodism in the United States, including the Church South, presents an aggregate of two quarterlies, two monthlies, twenty weekly papers, of which two are published in German, and three Sunday School Advocates, of which one is in German. This is exclusive of some four or five independent weekly Methodist papers.

THE ORGANS OF METHODISM IN CANADA are:

1. *The Christian Guardian*, organ of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, Toronto, Canada West—12s. 6d.
2. *The Canada Christian Advocate*, organ of the Canada Methodist Episcopal Church, Hamilton, Canada West—\$2—Rev. George Abbs, editor.
3. *The Provincial Wesleyan*, organ of the Wesleyans in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Halifax, Nova Scotia—10s.

UPPER IOWA CONFERENCE.—Our thanks are due to our old friend, Rev. S. P. Crawford, for a copy of the Minutes of this conference, of which he was Secretary.

MUSCULAR EXERCISE its Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, is the title of an elaborate and scientific paper read before the Cook County Medical Society, by Prof. W. H. Byford.

THE UNION CONSIDERED, is the title of a pamphlet objecting to the proposed union of the Wesleyan Methodist and the Methodist Episcopal Churches of Canada. By Rev. T. Webster.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—We have received from the publisher, T. H. Stockton, a beautiful copy of this "Christian ballad." It is appropriately illustrated, and accompanied with notes at once interesting and suggestive. The work will be best indicated by its contents. Frontispiece—portrait of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng; Biographical Sketch; Ballad—Embodying and Applying the Dying Charge; Stanza I—The Christian—Illustration and Notes; Stanza II—The Family—Illustration and Notes; Stanza III—The Father—Illustration—Portrait of Rev. Dr. S. A. Tyng—and Notes; Stanza IV—The Ministry—Illustration and Notes; Stanza V—Church of the Covenant—Illustration—Interior of Concert Hall—and Notes; Stanza VI—Young Men's Christian Association—Illustration—Interior of Jayne's Hall—and Notes; Stanza VII—The Holy Church Universal—Illustration and Notes; Stanza VIII—The Whole Human Race—Illustration and Notes; Music for the Ballad—By L. O. Emerson, of Boston; Music for the Ballad—By John Bowers, of Philadelphia; Music for the Ballad—By W. B. Bradbury, of New York; Additional Poems—By the Author of the Ballad; Christian Union—A Few choice Extracts. The work is appropriately dedicated to the memory of the man whose dying words are so happily used by the author. It is an expressive and beautiful tribute that should find a welcome in every Christian household. For single copies postage stamps will be received. On reception of price it will be forwarded immediately—post free. Paper, forty cents; cloth, fifty cents; cloth—gilt—sixty-eight cents. Address T. H. Stockton, 1400 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

New York Literary Correspondence.

NOVEMBER, and its older brother October, likewise, have generally had a bad reputation in literature—I think rather unfairly. So far as our climate is concerned, November is not a suicidal month, and as for the whirl and stir of city life, there are few better months in the year. The last summer tourists have now gotten home, the fashionable thoroughfares are thronged, the marts of business are all agog, the shop windows are crowded with the most exquisite wares, the bookstores are replenished and put in their most inviting order, the churches are well filled on Sunday mornings by the gay and elite to hear the renowned and eloquent preachers deliver their best productions, and the theaters, concert rooms, and lecture halls are filled with their most fashionable audiences. Such is city life with those who throw themselves into its current and ride on its tide.

The trade in literature seems to be gradually but surely awakening from its long repose. The recent trade sale indicated a healthy and hopeful state of things, though its movements were characterized by caution rather than boldness. Among the publishers the indications of returning activity are still more decided, and the recent announcements of new works, and of reprints, embrace a number of more than ordinary value.

The Appletons, whose house now stands second to no other in the country, and is indeed aspiring to an undisputed primacy, are especially active at this time. These gentlemen are booksellers as well as publishers, and present to their friends an extensive and highly-valuable collection of both foreign and domestic books. The sales-room—the first floor of the old Society Library building on Broadway—is one of the most capacious and elegant in the city, and forcibly illustrates the magnitude of the book trade in the nation. As a publishing concern this house has long occupied a prominent position in the trade, and recent events, fortunate and otherwise, have given it a temporary advantage over its only formidable competitor—the Harpers—to maintain which will probably call into requisition all their means and energies. At present they are leading off with a degree of boldness and activity which augurs well, especially in connection with their well-known financial carefulness. Their "New Cyclopaedia," itself a giant work, is pushed forward with commendable force and steadiness, but without perceptibly interfering with their ordinary course of business; and we are promised the successive issues of its volumes, at the rate of one to each three months. That work is rapidly gaining a reputation among scholars and critics, and even our English cousins, who are rather chary in their praises of any thing American, speak a good word for it.

Among their minor new publications is a small volume of poems, "Legends and Lyrics," by Miss Proctor, the gifted daughter of the "Corn-Law Rhymers." The daughter inherited a good share of her father's genius, which, with the advantages of a better culture and more favorable circumstances, has been exercised in the production of these pleasingly plaintive pieces. As compared with the poems of "Barry Cornwall," they are smoother and more highly finished, but they lack their boldness as well as their bitterness.

They have also issued a valuable little book for every intelligent householder or citizen, "A Handy Book on Property and Law," by Lord St. Leonards, in the form of familiar letters, giving instructions as to the necessary modes of proceeding in the transaction of such business matters as occur in the course of the lives of most private gentlemen. It seems to be designed not to supersede the office of an attorney—for the best informed are least likely to allow that—but to enable the client to employ one with safety and advantage. Though designed especially for Englishmen, most of its instructions and suggestions apply with equal pertinency in this country. It would be well if works of this character were more in use among our intelligent non-professional citizens.

In the department of science the same publishers have recently issued "A Text-Book on Vegetable and Animal Physiology," by Dr. Henry Goadby, of Michigan Agricultural College—a volume evincing much skill and taste in its exterior, and, I presume—for I would here speak modestly—it is still more remarkable for its learning and successful treatment of the dry details of its subject—though the critic of the Atlantic Magazine thinks otherwise. The author sets out with the declared purpose to render the study of physiology attractive to young persons, success in which will be a sufficient proof of both his skill and learning.

For the coming holiday season they have issued "The Household Book of Poetry," collected and edited by Chas. A. Dana, an imperial octavo of nearly eight hundred pages, in double columns, itself an encyclopedia of English and American poetry. It is a work of the same class with Harper's "Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," but embracing a wider range, and, of course, a less fastidious selection. It is properly called a "household" book, since both on account of its comprehensiveness and the judiciousness of the selections, it is especially adapted for family reading and for youths of both sexes. It is a safe book for a Christian father to bring into his family, as it will tend to cultivate the taste and inform the minds of his children without corrupting their hearts.

Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," of which work I, some time since, gave you an account, as it appeared in the English edition, has quite recently been issued by the Appletons in an elegant octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, large type and fine paper. It is a work destined to attract attention, and, to some extent, to cause a sensation. It can never become popular in the usual sense of that term, on account of its learning and the absence of nearly all appeals to the passions of its readers; yet it will be much read and referred to in future discussions. You may expect reviews of it in most of the quarterlies; and as these are very generally under evangelical influences it will be very generally condemned. In respect of learning perhaps it has no equal in any book of the present century—though it must be added, it is also somewhat pedantic. It is eminently philosophical in its form, but its philosophy is one-sided, and its argumentation highly sophistical. The author's position is a philosophical skepticism—that occupied by the learned infidels of the present age, and of which the

Westminster Review is the organ. His manner is calm and courteous, except that when he alludes to the abuses of rulers and Churchmen he shows some signs of resentment; and when the movements of modern evangelism are alluded to an ill-concealed sneer is indulged. The style is decidedly good, and to any one capable of appreciating its discussions, the book is altogether a readable one. Learned infidelity, in the form of a philosophical atheism, is certainly putting forth great efforts to intrench itself in the higher forms of modern literature—especially in our own language. German Rationalism has some time since passed into the "sear and yellow leaf," and French infidelity has seen its day terminate long since, though both of these are contributing to the movement in the same direction in England. Comte's philosophy—a work more read in England and America than on the continent of Europe—is its basis, while Mills's History of Logic carries it into the region of the pure metaphysics, and Lewes in the History of Philosophy, and now Buckle in the Philosophy of History. Is there not a need for some mighty intellect—some Butler, baptized with the spirit of modern evangelism, to enter the lists with these champions of unbelief, and present the demonstrations of the truth in the light of the highest forms of philosophy? The thing is practicable, but it has not yet been done; and as the rampant infidelity of the eighteenth century was the occasion of the masterly treatises on the external evidences of Christianity which enriched our literature, so it may be hoped the present efforts of infidelity will call forth like defenses in the region of philosophy.

I have twice called attention to Dr. Stevens's new History of Methodism, and will venture to do it for the third time. A suitable history of that great and well-defined religious epoch has long been a confessed want in religious literature. Macaulay remarks that Southey's "Life of Wesley" will probably survive all his other works, because it is the only tolerable record of a highly-important religious movement. I have thought that Methodist writers have generally failed to do justice to that work and its author; for though it has very great faults, it has also very considerable excellences. Both of these are sufficiently manifest, and both are evinced by the number and ability of the commentaries and annotations which have accumulated upon it—as may be seen in the last American edition; and though the volumes of that edition present a very full and comprehensive statement of the subject-matter of the work, yet no one could rise up from their perusal without feeling that the whole needed to be rewritten and more thoroughly digested. It is also due to the subject that its history should be written by one capable of appreciating its character—which certainly Southey was not. At the same time the fact that so eminent an author had written on the subject, rendered it the more difficult for another to treat it successfully.

Still a very considerable number of writers have made the perilous attempt, and like the suitors with the bow of Ulysses, as often as one has tried and failed, another has been found ready to take his place. I have read nearly all that has been written on the subject, and had become doubtful whether I ever should be satisfied with any thing that might be offered, though I looked with some hope to this attempt. Having now carefully read the whole of Dr. Stevens's volume, I can do no less than express my gratification. No former writer has viewed that subject with such a broad and genial liberality, and

no other has so fully brought out the spirit of evangelical catholicity which so eminently distinguished that great movement. The Methodism there delineated was neither ecclesiastical nor theological in the narrower sense of those terms. It was simply "Christianity in earnest"—a spirit of holy zeal inflaming the hearts of its immediate subjects and agents, and gradually permeating and leavening the Church. It, for the most part, practically ignored the vexatious controversy of Calvinism and Arminianism, and employed with equal success the adherents of both dogmas. The book I think will satisfactorily answer to a long-felt want.

The event of the season in literary matters is Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Its coming had been duly heralded, and the public expectation properly prepared for its reception, and, of course, it has been eagerly caught up and devoured. But as yet we hear nothing from the critics—those awful arbiters of praise and censure—the life and death of literary aspirants. Till their decision shall be given we wait in due submission, though, as litigants sometimes speculate while the court deliberates, so I will venture a few thoughts in advance.

I confess to a long-standing partiality for Longfellow's poetry. This, however, was formed upon his shorter pieces, "The Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith," and others of the same class. I tried hard to find something of their kind in "Hiawatha," but—shall I confess it?—I failed, utterly failed! Very possibly the fault was all in me, for the philosophers tell us that "objective excellences avail nothing with those who lack a subjective appreciation." I have not forgotten the case of "Simple Peter" and his cowslip—or was it a primrose?—and unappreciated poets should also remember it to their comfort. I have read this new poem under the impression of this recollection, and have sought diligently—but, alas! in vain—for its subtle beauties. Nor have I not yet wholly despaired, though the case is becoming more and more hopeless.

Left to my own judgment in the matter, I would say that to write English verse on the model of the Greek and Latin hexameter is an impossibility, since the rhythm depends solely on the clearly-marked distinctions in the quantity of syllables, of which our language is almost hopelessly destitute. I have tried my utmost to scan some of these straggling *sesquipedalia*, but uniformly failed to catch the "jingle." But I ought to confess that I have a dull ear for music, so that it is quite possible that there is a melody in these long-drawn lines of which I am not susceptible. Then, too, the poetic character of the story is equally a puzzle; I would style it a ballad, but it is too long and too pretentious for that; yet I would scarcely call it an epic. It is too grave for a comedy, and too tame for a tragedy, and too sober for a farce. Still I am bound to believe that it is a splendid production, as old Casper said of the "Great Victory," though he never could make out what good came of it. The minor pieces found in this volume are worthy of the fame of their author.

I intended discussing various other matters in this letter, but must abruptly close. Permit me, however, to congratulate the Repository on the attainment of the end of its eighteenth year—a time of special interest to most of the fairer portion of creation—and to wish her all possible increase both in beauty and culture, and in the extent of her circulation.

Editor's Table.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The close of 1853 is rapidly approaching. With it is completed the *eighteenth* volume of the Repository. The flight of time has been so swift, so noiseless, and, with the editor, duties and labors have been so varied yet constant, that the call for this closing editorial takes him almost by surprise. Another year gone! Its labors sealed in the registry of eternity! Who could sit down to this task with other than subdued and solemn feelings? But along with these come also feelings of gratitude and joy. Gratitude to our heavenly Father for the care vouchsafed, and that we have been enabled, through his blessing, in some good degree, to do the work he has committed to us. Gratitude to our numerous friends and patrons for their generous appreciation of our labors and for the encouragement we have received. It is with no vain boasting that we refer to the words of cheer from our brethren. These words, at the same time they have encouraged, have also humbled—made us feel our responsibility—made us feel solicitous for the future. Next to the approval of God and our own conscience, we esteem the approval of our brethren. In the fear of God we entered upon our work. Daily have we asked his guidance. We have little of which to boast. No one can have a keener perception of our short-comings than we ourselves. Another might have done better—been more useful. But the Church—the providence of God bade us occupy this field. We have done what we could.

The eighteenth volume closes, but it only gives way for the *nineteenth*! Pleasant and profitable has been our intercourse. Dear friends and patrons, we trust that intercourse will be continued. A large portion of our best families, in all parts of the country, have come to consider the Repository a necessary adjunct to the household. Many have the numbers from the beginning, and many are seeking to complete their set. Constant applications are made to us for this purpose. A still larger number carefully preserve the monthly issues and have them bound at the close of the year. We would earnestly recommend all our subscribers to do the same. Instead of diminishing in value as they grow old, they will be held in still higher esteem in coming years.

While the Repository appeals especially to the ladies, it has the rare good fortune of being read almost as much by one sex as the other; and has thus, in the highest sense, come to be a family magazine. Religious without being bigoted, and literary without being pedantic, it is adapted to the family circle every-where. We discard none of the peculiarities or doctrines of Methodism. Nay, we vindicate them all in the broad spirit of Christian catholicity. Our numerous patrons outside of our own Church like us none the less for that. We never have, and trust we never shall permit their Christian sensibility to be offended by any species of polemic pugilism; but the great essential truth of Christianity lies so near the heart of every believer that its utterances can not fail to touch chords of sympathy and call forth responsive notes.

We have passed through the great financial crisis in a manner surprising to ourselves—far better than our most sanguine expectations. In the north-west, where the revulsion was experienced in all its intensity, and also in

the north-east, we fell back somewhat. At other points we had an encouraging increase. When it is considered that our terms are advance payment invariably, and also that our annual renewal of subscriptions occurred in the midst of one of the most terrific financial tornadoes that ever swept over the country, this result is certainly remarkable. It indicates the strong hold the Repository has upon the sympathy of the public. May we not hope it gives an earnest of still grander success in the future?

Yet another word, dear reader, before the curtain of the year drops upon us. The year may die, but its results *live*. Nay, they will live forever. "That which hath been is now." That which is now shall be hereafter. What we have thought, and felt, and acted—*what we have lived*—will go along with us and be present forever. This living is a solemn thing! Then

"Be it ours—while on the wing
With noiseless speed the moments fly—
By faithful toil and holy zeal,
To lay up treasures in the sky.
Be ours the bliss to stud our crowns
With jewels bought by Jesus' blood,
Which like celestial stars shall shine
Amid the firmament of God."

THE SYCAMORE.—A traveler from the north-east for the first time descending the Ohio, will have his curiosity awakened by the sight of trees novel in their appearance. They are seen standing in groups or stretched out in line along the bank of some water-course. In the distance they seem to tower up above the surrounding trees—the trunk and wide-spreading branches marvelously white; and when seen through the mist of early morning in autumn or winter, they appear to be draped in a mantle of snow. Inquire about the strange-looking tree, and the reply will be, "That, sir, is a sycamore."

The sycamore is the *platanus-occidentalis* of Linæus. But it is more generally known as the button-wood or cotton-tree. Along the banks of the streams and rivers of the west this tree formerly found a congenial home, and expanded to its grandest proportions. It is asserted on good authority that specimens have been found fifty feet in circumference. The peculiar whiteness that attracts the attention of the novice is occasioned by the scaling off of the bark. This occurs annually, and there is then left a surface of peculiar whiteness. The leaves of the tree are very large, and flowers in globular aments hang upon the tree in long pedicels most of the winter. The sister of the sycamore—the sugar maple—is cultivated for its sap and for its beautiful shade. But the old sycamore receives no such friendly aid from man. It is melting away like the poor Indian before the progress of civilization, and will, to all appearance, soon be numbered among the things that were.

Our first engraving gives a faithful representation of the sycamore of the west, robed in its summer glory. From this view of it alone the reader will be able ever after to distinguish it from all other trees of the forest or the river bank.

CARRY ME SAFELY.—Our second engraving is not of the city nor of city life, though the dress of one

of the boys indicates some knowledge of the fashions. Years ago, *how many* we will not say, we were a boy, and a liver in one of three small houses that sat at respectful distances on a hillside. Stretching to the north and west reposed vast meadow fields, through which, as a bar of crooked silver, ran a stream, to the shade of whose scattered, big trees the sheep and cows came for relief in the high heats of summer. A small bridge spanned the waters, and on it many a time early in the morning and late in the afternoon, with our fish-worm and hook, have we sat for "nibbles." Where our three friends have been or are going, whether to the meadows or on a fishing expedition, is a matter of conjecture. It may be they have finished a ride with the men in the boat, whom you see just out of the arch of the bridge; or they may be taking a stroll across the arm of the stream to the fields and woodlands; or, what is more probable, they may be on their way home from some Saturday afternoon ramble, for close at the end of the stick which John holds you can see a basket filled with flowers. At all events, whether going to or from home, the three are in good trim. If Mary gets wet feet, John and Willie must suffer wet jackets; for she has the one firmly by the arm and the other by the shoulder; and should one boy stumble, all may go down. Good tempered, healthy and happy, we wish we could hear them talk and sing. With a seat on the moss under that big beech to the left of the bridge, or a harder one on the stone near the waterfall, how pleasant it would be to hear them relate their observations. Specimens of eloquence and enthusiasm they would furnish us worthy of orators. Ye parents, let your children be happy. Study ways to gratify them, and remember that the experiences and scenes of boy and girlhood go down to the latest day of life, and are called up a thousand times in middle, mature, and old age. If those experiences and sights be bitter or painful, how bitter the subsequent years; but if pleasant, then what a harvest of delightful memories and associations will be forever springing up.

ARTICLES ON FILE FOR PUBLICATION.—Accepted articles accumulate much faster than we can find place for them. To satisfy the authors whose articles, some of them, have been long waiting, we append a complete list of the articles which are on file for publication: "Splinters," "Kind Words," "Papers from Phaeton's Portfolio," "The Human Brain," "Trouble," "The Pen," "The Time to Die," "The old School-House," "The Lost Pipe," "Faith to the Last," "Life Stream," "Life Pictures," "The Happy Man and True Gentleman," "Every Event Records Itself," "Paginnini," "The Love of Jesus," "Ayrault and Henry; or, the Child the Father of the Man," "A Leaf from Memory," "Death on the Open Prairie," "Books and Readers," "Pleasures of Memory," "Visit to Wavertree," "The Moss-Basket," "Walter Scott and Old Humphrey," "Tribute," etc., "A Plea for Action," "Thoughts from Common Places," "The Sister," "Divine Revelation and Modern Sciences," "Love," "Beauty," "Recollections," etc.—three articles—"Religious Emotion," "Unity of the Christian Graces," "Manliness," "Hubert Maloo," "Look on the Bright Side," "Augustus Herman Franke," "Encyclopedia," etc., "Joan of Arc," "Bygones," "Labor and Luck of Authors," "Sermons from the Poets"—two articles—"The Scotch Covenant," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "A Sister's Prayer," "Ladies Never Apologize," "Self-Cul-

ture," "Spirit Wanderings," "Moral Character of Books," "Domestic Employment," "The Fast Age," "Labor; or, Striking for Higher Wages," "The Two Ministers," "The Times," "Latin and Ladies," "Hattie and Myra," "Moral Firmness," "Essay on Light," "Types of Thought," "The Working Man," "Immortality of the Soul," "Paul's Active and Passive Devotion to the Cross," and "Faith an Element of Success."

The above are prose articles. We have not space for our poetry. This list of themes will indicate to the reader that a vast amount of editorial labor is performed beyond what appears in our monthly issue. The wide scope of subjects will also suggest that we have well-stored pigeon-holes from which to draw next year.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Some of the following articles have been on hand for a long time. We have hesitated about declining them, but now see no prospect of a place for them: "The Foreseen Future," "Desire to Read the Unknown Future is Universal," "The Sudden Call," "Memory's Pictures," "The Orthography of the English Language," "Modes of the Mind," "Early Days," "The Revenge," "The Tolling Bell," "Autobiography of a Maiden Article," "Our Lizzie," "Be ye not Unequally Yoked," "My Grandfather's Short Story," "Thoughts on Nature," "The Hope of Heaven," "Faith in Man," "Sphere and Influence of Woman," "Conflict of Principles," "Man has a Celestial Source," "Evening at a Friend's," "Musings," "True Happiness," "Voyage of Life," "Angels," "The Mightiest of the Mighty," "Castle Building," "The Party," and "Lake Tiberias."

TWO NEW FEATURES will give additional interest to the Repository of next year. The first is our proposed series of portraits of eminent ministers and laymen. Among the laymen will be included distinguished civilians and men noted for their business enterprise as well as for their Christian devotion. The second is a department especially devoted to the young. We have made special arrangements to enrich this department. It will combine sketches illustrative of moral and religious principles and duties as applied to the young, together with culled items for our sideboard.

THE FORTHCOMING VOLUME.—The circular of the publishers will, we suppose, accompany this number. We trust all our friends and patrons will at once make an earnest and hearty response to their appeal. We speak without hesitation; for we are not pleading for ourself. This is not our interest, but that of the Church. If it shall prosper, the advantage will be hers not ours. We are, then, willing to expose our impotency or even our weakness, that her interests may be sustained.

Brother ministers, this cause is yours. If you neglect it, the work will droop. If you sustain it, it will, it must prosper. The great body of our preachers are accustomed to take the matter in hand. They no more think of neglecting it than they do of neglecting their pastoral work. They leave no nook of their charge unexplored, no family unsolicited. Such brethren find their reward.

December is the time for this work. None other is so convenient. Will you not, dear brother, devote a few days of each week to it? See that *all* the old subscribers renew. See that every family you can reach becomes interested in the matter. Do the work by proxy if you can not do it in person. Let it be done. It will cost you but little effort. That effort will have its reward.

